THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY." FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

VOLUME XI.] CHARLOTTE, N. C., MAY 13, 1841. [NUMBER 33.

D. ASBURY, *Editor.*

W. [illegible], *Proprietor and Publisher.*

TERMS:

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance, *Three Dollars* if not paid within three months. And *Three Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid until after the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

☞ Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriffs' Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year.

AGENTS.

Col. E. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Gen. M. Harris, [illegible] Grove, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MAY, 1841.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.
13 Thursday,	5 4	6 56
14 Friday,	5 3	6 57
15 Saturday,	5 2	6 58
16 Sunday,	[illegible]	6 59
17 Monday,	5 1	6 59
18 Tuesday,	5 0	[illegible] 0
19 Wednesday,	5 0	[illegible] 0

MOON'S PHASES.

For May, 1841.

	d.	h.	m.	
Full	5	9	43	morn.
Last	13	11	4	even'g
New	20	6	27	even'g
First	27	9	31	morn.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having just returned from Charleston, avails himself of this opportunity to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased and is now receiving a handsome assortment of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
Dry Goods,
Ladies and Gentlemen's
SHOES, PUMPS and SLIPPERS,
a large stock of
HATS & BONNETS,
Hardware, Queensware and
GROCERIES,

all which the public are assured, are offered and will be sold at prices exceedingly low, and especially to all such as pay CASH.

☞ Having lately embarked in the business, he earnestly solicits purchasers to give him a call before buying elsewhere, and he will use every effort to make it to their interest to purchase.

W. S. PERRY.

Charlotte, May 4, 1841. 33tf

Book-Binding.

WILLIAM HUNTER would inform his customers and the public generally, that he will continue the BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS at his old stand, a few doors south-east of the Branch Mint. He will be happy to receive orders in his line, and pledges himself to spare no pains to give complete satisfaction.

☞ Orders left at his Shop, or at the Office of the "Mecklenburg Jeffersonian," will receive immediate attention.

Charlotte, May 3, 1841.

Officers of 68th Regiment, ATTENTION.

THE Officers of the 68th Regiment of North Carolina Militia are hereby commanded to appear in Charlotte on Tuesday, the 25th instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M., armed and equipped according to law, for the purpose of drill.

The Officers of the Colonel's staff are also expected to appear.

By order of the Col. Comm'dt.
J. H. KERNES, *Adjt.*

May 1, 1841.

ATTENTION!
Independent Greys.

YOU are commanded to appear at the Court House in Charlotte, on Thursday, the 20th instant precisely, at 10 o'clock, A. M., armed and equipped according to the Constitution of said Company, in Summer Uniform, with three rounds of *Ball Cartridge*, for the purpose target firing for the Prizes and Medal.

By order of the Captain,
F. M. ROSS, O. S.

May 6, 1841.

WOOD TYPE.

CUT by Machinery, and warranted superior to any heretofore manufactured. George F. Nesbitt, Tontine Building, corner of Wall and Water street, New York, respectfully informs the Printers of the United States, that he has now in full operation his machine for cutting Wood Type, which being an entire new invention, is warranted to cut Types, both plain and ornamental, far superior to any heretofore exhibited to the public; and in proof of the assertion, informs the public that he has obtained Diplomas and Medals from both the American and Mechanic's Institutes of the City of New York, at their Fairs of 1837, 1838, and 1839, as the books of the Institutes will show.

George F. Nesbitt would particularly invite the attention of Printers to the fact, that through the politeness of the proprietors of the Liverpool and Havre lines of Packets, he has been favored with the latest French and English specimens, that many of the new styles in them are very handsome, and have been got up by him; they were exhibited by him at the Mechanic's Fair in this city, now just closed, and pronounced by the Committee of Printers appointed to examine Types and Specimens, to be superior to any Wood Types ever before exhibited, and having a decided advantage over large Metal Types.

George F. Nesbitt would also inform the Printers of the United States, that he is ready to cut Types on Wood of any size, from 5 lines Pica, upwards, from any of the patterns of smaller Types contained in the extensive Specimen of Messrs. G. Bruce & Co., or from any new pattern that can be suggested.

☞ George F. Nesbitt is desirous that Printers, and those becoming Agents, should be acquainted with the fact, that his prices are much reduced from those heretofore charged by other manufacturers; that he allows his Agents *thirty per cent.* commission; that his terms are six months or ten per cent. discount for cash.

Agents are wanted for the following cities viz: Charleston, Albany, Detroit, Rochester, and Buffalo.

☞ Printers of Newspapers, who will publish the above for six times, within three months from this date, and will send me a copy of their paper, shall be entitled to $3 in Types; and should the Types not prove superior to any ever before manufactured, they can be returned, and the money will be paid in place of them.

GEORGE F. NESBITT,
Tontine Building, corner of Wall and Water streets, N. Y.

March 10, 1841. 6t

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
ROWAN COUNTY.
Superior Court of Law, Spring Term 1841.

Peter Owens
vs.
Elizabeth Owens.
} Petition for Divorce.

THE Court being satisfied, that the defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State, *It is therefore Ordered*, that publication be made for three months in the Carolina Watchman, a newspaper printed in Salisbury, and also in the Charlotte Journal, that the defendant appear at the next Superior Court of Law, to be held for the county of Rowan, at the Court House in Salisbury, on the 4th Monday after the 3rd Monday in August next; and answer, or the said petition will be heard ex parte and judgment awarded accordingly.

Witness, Junius Sneed, Clerk of our said Court, at office, the 4th Monday after the third Monday in February, A. D. 1841.

JUNIUS SNEED, *C. S. C.*

March 27. Price adv. $10. 139

BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!!!

THE Subscriber respectfully begs leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte, that he has made ample arrangements to furnish them for another year with first-rate BEEF. He has been in the business now nearly five years, and the quality of his Beef and the moderate prices at which he has hitherto sold it, he hopes will procure him a continuance of liberal patronage. He will butcher and offer in market none but Beef of the very best quality, and nicely dressed.

THOMAS GOODLAKE.

March 25, 1841. 27tf

The Farmers' Advocate.
PROSPECTUS FOR VOLUME III.

SINCE closing the 2d volume, an association has been proposed, whereby the services of Mr. W. F. Richards, of Davidson county, N. C., will be procured to assist in the editorial department of the paper, provided a sufficient accession to our present list of subscribers can be obtained, to justify such a measure: in which event, the Advocate, after the fact is ascertained, and the necessary arrangements made, will be published weekly, at Browntown, Davidson county, N. C., on a super-royal sheet, for $1 50. But in the meantime, or should the proposed association ultimately fail for want of sufficient encouragement, as above stated, the paper will still be continued semi-monthly on a super-royal sheet, for one dollar, as heretofore.

We would reasonably suppose, that the proposed change from a semi-monthly to a weekly paper would give general satisfaction to all our present subscribers; because, for the small addition of fifty cents, a volume furnishing more than double the amount of reading matter would be secured; or, instead of giving one dollar for a volume of 384 pages, they will receive for one dollar and fifty cents a volume containing 832 pages. And moreover, in addition to the greater quantity of reading matter furnished, we have no doubt that an increased interest would be thus communicated to our paper; as Mr. Richards, besides being a practical farmer, is a gentleman of considerable literary attainments.

In attempting to effect such an arrangement, whether successful or not, the least prejudice or disadvantage cannot possibly result to any of our present subscribers; because, should the attempt prove unsuccessful, the Advocate will continue to be published regularly, as heretofore. If we should succeed in effecting the anticipated change, a material advantage, in our estimation, will be the immediate result; for by the adoption of such measures as it will enable us to carry out, our means for improving the paper,—for rendering it more acceptable, and for giving a greater extent of circulation, and thus making it more permanently useful, will be greatly increased.

No material difference in the design of the paper will take place in consequence of the proposed change; but an inflexible adherence to the interests of the Farmer will still be observed, by using all laudable means calculated to advance a system of general improvement. We hope, fellow-citizens, that you will give us your united support in aiding our efforts to establish on a permanent basis, a paper having for its object the introduction of measures for the enriching of your soil—the improvement of your stock and farm productions—the perfecting of your agricultural and mechanical operations—the advancement of your scientific and literary pursuits, and the promotion of just incentives to virtue; all of which simultaneously centre in one grand purpose—to develope the vast natural resources of our common country for the mutual benefit of all; and thus promote the great design of creation.

As we consider Agriculture and its kindred pursuits, of paramount importance to any other consideration, we design in the first place, to use all laudable exertions in procuring and disseminating practical information, essential to the interests, and calculated to increase the dignity of the FARMER.

Secondly:—*Education*, and the Literary Institutions of the country; also, good literary productions, both original and selected, will receive prompt attention, and a warm and friendly support.

Thirdly:—*Science*, and the *Mechanical Arts*, will also be subjects of discussion, and invariably receive a liberal share of attention.

Fourthly:—Due attention will be paid to subjects calculated to promote the cause of *Virtue* and *Religion*, carefully suppressing every allusion, tending in any way to encourage sectarian prejudices.

Fifthly:—A summary notice will also be taken of passing events of an important and interesting nature, both *Foreign* and *Domestic*; excluding all *political* contests, and subjects calculated to promote *party* animosity.

In short, our whole influence, so far as depends on the success of the Advocate, will be unsparingly exerted in strengthening those pillars on which the prosperity and happiness, both of individuals and nations must be invariably based—the improvement of the soil, and the culture of the mind.

CONDITIONS.

All those who pay in advance, will receive fifty two numbers of sixteen octavo pages each, making in a year, a volume of 832 pages, for $1 50. To clubs forwarding $7 free of postage, five copies will be forwarded; for $1?, eight copies; for $15, twelve copies; for $20, eighteen copies; and for $30, thirty copies will be furnished.

If payment be delayed beyond three months after the first number is received, an additional sum of 33⅓ per cent. will be invariably exacted. The trouble and expense which necessarily attends the collection of small debts at a distance, will render a strict adherence to this rule absolutely necessary.

All letters, communications, &c. to the publishers, must come free from postage, or they cannot be attended to.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at our option.

Postmasters, or other gentlemen, disposed to give us their influence, are respectfully requested to act as agents. Address

I. SHERWOOD &
W. F. RICHARDS.

A FRESH SUPPLY of Moffatt's Pills and Bitters just received and for sale at this Office.

NEW FIRM.
BETHUNE & JOHNSON

TENDER their services to the citizens of Charlotte and the public in general as

TAILORS.

No exertion shall be wanting on their part to give general satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage. All work done in their establishment warranted to be made in the most durable manner and latest fashion.

Good Fits warranted on all occasions.

Charlotte, Sept. 14, 1840. 51tf

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to me for Beef, either by Note or Account, are hereby notified that my papers are in the hands of Wm. Means for collection. Those who are proper to make immediate payment, can do so without cost, otherwise I must not be blamed for the consequences.

THOMAS GOODLAKE.

March 25, 1841. 27tf

SPOONER'S PATENT
HYGEIAN MEDICINES,

ARE the best and cheapest family and general medicines in use. These medicines are the result of a life of study and experience; the proprietor warrants them to effect a cure, or the purchase money will be returned by himself or travelling agent—They comprise the Hygeian or Family Pill; the Hygeian Tonic, to restore the debilitated or broken down constitution; the Uterine Pill, to cure those painful difficulties and diseases peculiar to women; and the Ague Pill, to cure intermittent fevers and agues. For further information, the afflicted are invited to possess themselves of the Hygeist and Extra Hygeist, furnished gratis at the proprietor's office, No. 2, Astor House, New-York, and by all his agents. These papers contain information exceedingly interesting to the sick and invalids, together with twenty-five useful receipts, and a mass of facts and certificates, that must convince every reasonable mind, that the Hygeian Medicines are invaluable.

For sale by
THOS. J. HOLTON, Agent.
Charlotte, Jan. 13, 1841.

William Hagar & Co.
Type & Stereotype Foundry,
74 Fulton, Corner of Gold Street N. York.

THE Subscribers take this method of announcing to their friends and the public generally, that, having purchased the extensive and well known TYPE FOUNDRY, formerly owned by Messrs. Connor and Cooke, they have removed the same to their present central position. Having made extensive revisions, additions, and alterations, they are now prepared to execute orders of any magnitude they may be favored with, with promptness, and on as favorable terms as any other Foundry in America. To their new Specimen Book, which has been recently extensively circulated, they would respectfully refer.

All articles manufactured by them shall be of a material equal, if not superior to any manufactured in this country—and undergo a thorough examination as to appearance, ranging, dressing, and properly assorting. All articles exhibited in the Specimen Book, formerly issued by Connor and Cooke, together with sorts to Fonts sold by them, can now be furnished from this Foundry without delay, with many sizes added.

WILLIAM HAGAR & CO. are agents for the sale of the Napier, Washington, and Smith Presses, which, together with Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Furniture, Ink, and every article used in the printing business, will be kept on hand, and furnished at manufacturers' prices.

N. B.—No machine cast Type manufactured at this Foundry.

New York, February 25, 1841.

To the Virginia and United States Public.

THE subscriber proposes, if patronage will warrant the enterprise, to publish in the city of Washington, a Daily Political Journal, to be called the "OBSERVER." If subscriptions will justify him, his wish is to issue the first number on the first Monday of June next—one week or two at farthest, after the commencement of the Extra Session of Congress.

The Observer, if it goes into operation, will criticise freely and unreservedly, the action of the Federal Government, without "fear, favor or affection." It will look for support to the *People*, and the People only. Having taken an active part in the election of Gen. Harrison, ardently hoping and confidently believing that his Administration will justify the generous confidence, and fulfil the patriotic expectations of the American People, I yet pledge myself to extend to it no undiscriminating support. I shall be happy to praise, but not afraid to censure. I have long ago promised my conscience never to be a man worshipper, never to sustain any man or any set of men, against the Constitution of the country. This vow I mean to keep to the best of my ability, so help me God!

If the People will sustain me in this attempt, the fruits of near 20 years of editorial experience shall be dedicated diligently and laboriously, to render the Observer worthy of their favor. I promise them, and I will redeem it, that they shall have a political print at Washington, if not able, yet honest, faithful and true to them and the cause of the country, and the Rights of the States and of the People. Whether a print is or is not required at the Federal Metropolis, whose leanings shall be to the States and not to the central authority, I leave it to the country to say.

I throw out these proposals now, intending in a short time to be more specific. I wish to ascertain if there exists a disposition to support a paper at Washington which will give a cordial support to Gen. Harrison or any other President, while he entitles himself to it by the Constitutionality of his course, but which will primarily be jealous and distrustful of Federal power, and certainly more prompt to attack its excesses than to acquiesce in them, let who will be at the head of the Government.

As the time is limited, I request those who are disposed to support me in this enterprise, to announce it by letter.

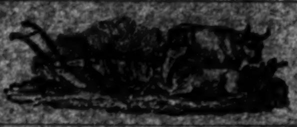
JNO. H. PLEASANTS.

Richmond, March 23d, 1841.

BLANK WARRANTS for sale at this OFFICE.

WARRANTEE DEEDS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

RURAL ECONOMY.



From the Providence Repub. Herald.

GO TO WORK THE RIGHT WAY.
ADDRESSED TO FARMERS.

I am sorry there is so much need of the admonitions I am about to give. Depend upon it, you do not "*work it right*" or you would make your farms just twice as valuable as they now are. Many of you *farm too much.* You would find it much more profitable to farm twenty acres well, than forty by halves. The last season I made my grounds produce at the rate of one hundred bushels of Indian corn to the acre. *Is* this not much better than a common crop of thirty or forty bushels! You will certainly say it is, and with the same breath ask how *I* manage to make it produce so plentifully! My land being much infested with ground mice, or moles, and overrun with grubs, and other vermin, *I* put on early in the month of March, about seven bushels of salt to the acre, which thoroughly destroys all kind of vermin, being an excellent strong manure, and ploughed and harrowed the ground over and over until it became completely mellow; *I* then had every corn hole filled with long manure, and after dropping my corn, (which had previously been soaked in warm water,) *I* scattered a pint of lime over every hill, and then covered the whole with a little mellow earth. *In* about a week the corn began to come up plentifully, after which *I* nursed it with the plough and hoe, every other week for eight weeks, at which time it was as high as my head, and not a spire of it was destroyed either by frost, grub or birds. My other things *I* manured and equally well, and *I* have been amply paid for all my extra care and trouble, as *I* raised more than twice as much per acre as any of my neighbors, and did it in much less time. *I* mean *I* got all my harvesting done two or three weeks before many others. This is accomplished in a great measure by redeeming time; rising between three and four o'clock in the morning, then if the day be sultry and hot, *I* lie by from 12 to 3 and rest, *I* then feel refreshed and able to work till quite dark. This *I* call "*working it right,*" whereas should *I* lay in bed until the sun be up and shame me, haunt the tavern at night, drink too much whiskey, but half manure, half plough, half plant, half nurse, half harvest, and do every thing by halves, *I* surely should not "*work it right*" nor get half a crop.

I shall now conclude by giving you, for further considerations, a few excellent observations, from a wiser head, perhaps than my own, and hope that every brother farmer will do likewise.

"*I* often say to myself, what a pity it is our farmers *do not work it right.* When *I* see a man turn his cattle into the road to run at large, and waste their manure during a winter's day, *I* say that man *does not work it right.* Ten loads of good manure, at least, is lost in a season, by this slovenly practice; and all for what? For nothing indeed, but to ruin his farm.

"So, when *I* see cattle late in the fall and early in the spring, rambling in a meadow or mowing field, pounding the soil and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man *does not work it right.*

"So, when *I* see a barn-yard with a drain to it, *I* say this man *does not work it right*, for how easy it is to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle to receive the moisture and all the wash of the sides which will thus be kept dry for the cattle. The wash and moisture of the yard mixed with any kind of earth, or putrid straw, is excellent manure, yet how much do not our farmers lose by neglecting these things, in fact *they do not work it right.*

"When *I* see a farmer, often going to a retailer's store, with a bottle or jug, or lounging about a tavern or wrangling about politics, or quarrelling with and defaming his neighbor's good name, *I* am certain such a man *does not work it right.*

AN OLD FARMER.

Mildew in Wheat.—At a late stated meeting of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Agriculture, a paper was read which ascribed the disease of Mildew in Wheat to the common practice of sowing Grasses with Wheat, which occasion an undue degree of moisture around the stalk, impeding its growth at a time when sunshine and air are most needed. The theory was supported by many facts, such as freedom from the disease in a Wheat field where Wheat was sowed without Grass, between two fields sowed with Grass and which suffered greatly from mildew; also the freedom from mildew of Wheat in a strip of land omitted to be sowed with Grass while the rest of the field was much injured. Other facts were adduced, sustained by the laws of vegetable physiology. On the other hand, it remains to be accounted for that many farmers had never been visited with mildew, although in the constant practice of sowing Grass seed with their Wheat or Barley.—*Richmond Compiler.*

For Bots in Horses.—A junk bottle full of strong sage tea, made very sweet with molasses. Two or three doses is generally sufficient for a cure.

Pearl Ash or Saleratus, put into the pipe of the Poll Evil or Fistula, is said to be a sovereign for these incurables.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

DUTIES OF A WIFE.

"A vulgar woman," says the Richmond Star, 'is one who stays at home, and takes care of her children—the race is nearly extinct.' The Boston Transcript upon this text discourseth at some length, and tells some truths which will bear repetition.—Hear him:

Pity 'tis, 'tis true. If a woman who stays at home and takes care of her children is vulgar, then commend us to a 'vulgar woman.' A woman who neglects her household affairs, and goes gadding abroad to see and to be seen, instead of doing her duty at home, is one of those persons in society who should not meet with the countenance of the public. There are domestic duties which every mother of a family is bound to perform, and she who neglects those duties is unworthy to be at the head of a family. The duties of a wife and mother is plain and obvious. The wife should be literally the head of the in-door affairs of a house. She should superintend the whole domestic machinery of house keeping; not by proxy, but in person. She should know from personal observation that every thing is done 'decently and in order;' that every thing is in its proper place. She should be up betimes in the morning; she should not be afraid of the kitchen, but should be familiar with the whole management of it. She should not sit down and hold her hands, or call a servant to hold them for her. She should not be afraid to wait upon herself upon any and all occasions. She should not be afraid to take a needle in her hands, and use it too.

The wise man says of a virtuous woman, 'she looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.' An idle, careless, negligent wife, is one of the greatest domestic evils which can fall to the lot of man; we know of hardly any greater, unless it be a *sluttish* wife. A sluttish wife! Faugh! This is beyond endurance. To go into the house and find the parlors cluttered up with all sorts of trumpery, children pulling and hauling every thing about—no order, no regularity as regards furniture, is disgusting. But neatness is not limited to the parlors. It extends to the kitchen. If that is not kept in order, depend upon it the house is not in any part. Some wives dress themselves up in their silks and furbelows, soon after breakfast, sit themselves down in the parlor, and let every thing take care of itself.—Such a person deserves not the place of wife.

When a husband comes home to his dinner, his wife should know whether it is properly prepared; she should know from personal observation too. Some wives seem to think that they were born to be waited upon. A woman who always wants a host of servants to tend upon her, is not fit to be at the head of a family and ought never to be married. We bar this everlasting calling upon one another, to wait upon you.—Help yourself. Why, what were your hands made for, unless you use them? We could no more marry a woman who wanted to be waited upon, who would let the whole household affairs take care of themselves without concerning herself about them, than we would marry a Hecate. She may be as beautiful as Houris, but beauty will not make the pot boil, nor keep the house in order. Sitting idle in the parlor all day, or walking in the streets is no way to bring up children, or to keep house. A woman who stays at home and takes care of her children, aye, her house too, deserves any appellation other than being called 'vulgar woman.' Commend us to a frugal, industrious, vigilant house keeper, an early riser; one who does not turn night into day or day into night; but from a slut, above all things a slut, good Lord deliver us!

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 15.

Important Seizure.—Some three months since, High Constable Blaney, and officer Walker, of New York, received information that a quantity of dies, and all the necessary implements for striking off coin representing American eagles, half eagles, and half dollars, had been brought from France to be put in operation in Tioga county, in this State. These officers, together with officer Hoffner, after advising with the United States authorities, succeeded in securing the whole Tuesday night. Some of the dies were examined yesterday by Dr. Patterson, of the mint, who pronounced them to be well executed.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Pretty Good.—We have heard a good many stories of the strange notions of those who have been bred in climates "where snow and ice are not known," when they come to our bleak dominions; yet we do not remember to have heard a better one than was related in our hearing a day or two since. A sea captain in this vicinity brought home a sable African, who had never before seen such a thing as "solid water." The other morning, Sambo came in with a large piece of ice, exclaiming, "O, Massa, see what a large piece of glass me found." "So you have," replied the facetious mariner,—"so you have Sambo—but its wet—take it to the fire and dry it." Down went Sambo to the kitchen fire—but soon returned, with his eyes vastly dilated and great astonishment otherwise depicted on his countenance, vociferating, "why, massa, such glass I neber did see,—the more I dries it the more it grows wet."—*Lynn Mess.*

Receipt for the Ladies.—Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

GEN. HARRISON'S REMARK ON SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The correspondent of the North American says that General Harrison in his last out-door exercise, was engaged in assisting the gardener in adjusting some grape vines. The gardener remarked that there would be but little use in trailing the vines, so far as any fruit was concerned, as the boys would come on Sunday, while the family was at church, and steal all the grapes; and suggested to the General as a guard against such a loss, that he should purchase an active watch dog. Better, said the General, to employ a Sabbath school teacher; a dog may take care of the grapes, but a good Sabbath school teacher will take care of the grapes and the boys too.

Gen. Harrison and the farmer.—The correspondent of the North American relates the following interesting anecdote: During his brief sojourn in Washington, Gen. Harrison was in the habit of taking early morning walks, and frequently called at the market House. On one of these occasions he purchased a new milch cow of a neighboring farmer, and requested him to drive it to the President's House. The General was there to attend to the animal, and invited the farmer in to take some refreshment; procured a bowl of hot coffee, ham and eggs, and continued conversation with him about farming.

The farmer having finished his breakfast, remarked to the General, You have bought my cow and given me two dollars more than I asked, and a good breakfast besides; but if it would'nt be too much trouble, I should like to get a look at the President before I go. I am the President, replied the General. The farmer at first looked incredulous, having taken his hospitable friend for the steward; but convinced of his mistake, with much frankness observed, Well General, I voted against you at the election, but I did'nt know you then. That single remark—I did'nt know you then—will explain thousands of votes cast against the good General at his election.

Torch Light Procession.—On Saturday evening, the firemen of Albany marched in funeral procession through the streets of that city. They were in the firemen's, dress, were accompanied by a full band of music, and bore an urn, covered with a pall. Over 600 torches were borne in the procession. The Albany Journal says: "The night was still and very dark: and the effect produced by the long array of mourners at that unusual hour—the funeral emblems—the solemn music, and the strong red glare of the torches, revealing from the gloom and lighting up with picturesque effect the houses and crowds of spectators which thronged the windows as they past, left an impression which will not soon be effaced from the memory of those who beheld the scene."

The Hon. William Drayton has been elected President of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, and several new Directors have been appointed, in place of old ones, resigned. At an adjourned General Meeting of the Stockholders, held on Thursday last, it was recommended, by the report of a committee, that the stock of the Bank should be reduced from thirty-five to fourteen millions of dollars, its estimated value, and that the Legislature of the State should be petitioned to release the Bank from a proportionate part of the bonus which it is bound to pay to the State. —*Nat. Intell.*

HORRID CRUELTY.

Robinson, the murderer of Mr. Suydam, of New Brunswick, states in his confession that after the first blow given him, which was with a mallet, whilst he was sitting at a table, Mr. S. came to his senses, and he had great difficulty in dragging the body down stairs into the front basement; that he there tied and bound his half insensible victim, who begged hard for his life, and promised to give all he had taken, and not to punish him. He also says that Mr. S. groaned so horribly that he could not bear to hear him; *he therefore gagged his mouth and left him in that condition, from Thursday morning until the following Saturday morning, in a cold cellar, on the bare ground, in December. That on Saturday he went there early, dug the grave before his still living victim, threw him into it alive, and then struck him over the head with the spade, dashed in his skull, and thus killed him; and that he then covered the corpse with earth, and left the place, never to return there alone again!—Wil. Chronicle.*

Religious men feel an unusual degree of sympathy in the sudden decease of President Harrison. His religious character, touches a sympathic cord in their hearts. The third Presbytery in New York, now in session, suspended its proceedings on Wednesday, and they determined to take a part in the solemn observances in that city, this day. The Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, also, is about to take the lead in adopting some appropriate religious exercise expressive of their grief in this national bereavement. It is expected a special day of Humilition and Prayer will be set apart, or they will act in conjunction with the arrangements made by the civil authorities. In some of the churches, the "Prayer for a person under affliction," has been varied, so as to read a *Prayer for a People under affliction*, and in Trinity Church, the reading of it melted the audience to tears. What an elevation it gives to the death of a great man, when it is known he has sustained a *religious character.*—*Phil. North Amer.*

From the Raleigh Register.

MR. MADISON—U. STATES BANK.

In looking over a file of the Register for 1831, we came across the following Letter, addressed by Mr. Madison to C. J. Ingersoll, Esq. giving his reasons for signing the Charter of the late Bank of the United States. Its re-publication at this moment will, no doubt, prove interesting to the Country, and we therefore give it to our readers; particularly, as it is stated that, on the subject of a Bank, President Tyler will take Mr. Madison for his guide:—

MONTPELIER, June 25, 1831.

DEAR SIR:—I have received your friendly letter of the 18th inst. The few lines which answered your former one of the 21st of January last, were written in haste and in bad health; but they expressed, though without the attention in some respects due to the occasion, a dissent from the views of the President, as to a Bank of the United States and a substitute for it, to which I cannot but adhere. The objections to the latter have appeared to me to preponderate greatly over the advantages expected from it, and the constitutionality of the former I still regard, as sustained by the considerations to which I yielded, in giving my assent to the existing Bank.

The charge of inconsistency between my objection to the constitutionality of such a Bank in 1791, and in 1817, turns on the question, how far legislative precedents, expounded in the Constitution, ought to guide succeeding Legislatures, and to overrule individual opinions.

Some obscurity has been thrown over the question, by confounding it with the respect due from one Legislature to laws passed by preceding Legislatures. But the two cases are essentially different. A Constitution being derived from a superior authority, is to be expounded and obeyed, not controlled or varied by the subordinate authority of the Legislature. A law on the other hand, resting on no higher authority than that possessed by every successive Legislature, its expediency as well as its meaning, is within the scope of the latter.

The case in question has its true analogy in the obligation arising from judicial expositions of the law, on succeeding Judges; the Constitution being a law to the Legislator, as the law is a rule of decision to the Judge.

And why are judicial precedents, when formed on true discussion and consideration, and deliberately sanctioned by reviews and repetitions, regarded as of binding influence, or rather of authoritative force, in settling the meaning of a law? It must be answered, 1st, because it is a reasonable and established axiom, that the good of society requires that the rules of conduct of its members should be certain and known, which would not be the case if any Judge, disregarding the decisions of his predecessors, should vary the rule of law, according to his individual interpretation of it.—*Misera est servitus ubi jus est aut vagum aut incognitum.* 2d, because an exposition of the law publicly made, and repeatedly confirmed by the constituted authority, carries with it, by fair inference, the sanction of those, who having made the law through their legislative organ, appear under such circumstances to have determined its meaning through their Judiciary organ.

Can it be of less consequence that the meaning of a Constitution should be fixed and known, than that the meaning of a law should be so? Can indeed a law be fixed in its meaning and operation, unless the Constitution be so? On the contrary, if a particular Legislature, differing in the construction of the Constitution, from a series of the preceding constructions, proceed to act on that difference, they not only introduce uncertainty and instability in the Constitution, but in the laws themselves; inasmuch as all laws preceding the new construction and inconsistent with it, are not only annulled for the future, but virtually pronounced nullities from the beginning.

But it is said that the legislator, having sworn to support the Constitution, must support it in his own construction of it, however different from that put on it by his predecessors, or whatever be the consequences of the construction. And is not the Judge under the same oath to support the law? Yet, has it ever been supposed that he was required, or at liberty to disregard all precedents, however solemnly repeated and regularly observed; and by giving effect to his own abstract and individual opinions, to disturb the established course of practice in the business of the community? Has the wisest and most conscientious Judge ever scrupled to acquiesce in decisions in which he has been overruled by the matured opinions of the majority of his colleagues; and subsequently to conform himself thereto, as to authoritative expositions of the law? And is it not reasonable, that the same view of the official oath should be taken by a legislator, acting under the Constitution, which is his guide, as is taken by a Judge, acting under the law, which is his?

There is in fact, and in common understanding, a necessity of regarding a course of practice as above characterized, in the light of a legal rule of interpreting a law: and there is a like necessity of considering it a constitutional rule of interpreting a Constitution.

That there may be extraordinary and peculiar circumstances controlling the rule in both cases, may be admitted; but with such exceptions, the rule will force itself on the practical judgment of the most ardent theorist. He will find it impossible to adhere to, and act officially upon, his solitary opinions as to the meaning of the law or Constitution, in opposition to a construction reduced to practice, during a reasonable period of time; more especially where no prospect existed of a change of construction by the public or its agents.—And if a reasonable period of time, marked with the usual sanctions, would not bar the individual prerogative, there could be no limitation to its exercise, although the danger of error must increase with the increasing oblivion of explanatory circumstances, and with the continual changes in the import of words and phrases.

Let it then be left to the decision of every intelligent and candid Judge, which, on the whole, is most to be relied on for the true and safe construction of a Constitution, that which has the uniform sanction of successive legislative bodies through a period of years, and under the varied ascendency of parties; or that which depends upon the opinions of every new legislature, heated as it may be by the spirit of party, eager in the pursuit of some favorite object, or led astray by the eloquence and address of popular Statesmen, themselves, perhaps, under the influence of the same misleading causes.

It was in conformity with the view here taken of the respect due to deliberate and reiterated precedents that the Bank of the United States, though on the original question held to be unconstitutional, received the Executive signature in the year 1817.—The Act originally establishing a Bank had undergone ample discussions in its passage through the several branches of the Government. It had been carried into execution throughout a period of twenty years, with annual legislative recognitions; in one instance indeed, with a positive ramification of it into a new State; and with the entire acquiescence of all the local authorities, as well as of the nation at large; to all of which may be added, a decreasing prospect of any change in the public opinion adverse to the constitutionality of such a institution. A Veto from the Executive under these circumstances, with an admission of the expediency and almost necessity of the measure, would have been a defiance of all the obligations derived from a course of precedents amounting to the requisite evidence of the national judgment and intention.

It has been contended that the authority of precedents was in that case invalidated by the consideration, that they proved only a respect for the stipulated duration of the Bank with a toleration of it until the law should expire, and by the casting vote given in the Senate by the Vice President in the year 1811, against a bill for establishing a National Bank, the vote being expressly given on the ground of unconstitutionality. But if the law of itself was unconstitutional, the stipulation was void, and could not be constitutionally fulfilled or tolerated. And as to the negative of the Senate, by the casting vote of the presiding officer, it is a fact well understood at the time, that it resulted not from an equality of opinions in that assembly on the power of Congress to establish a Bank, but from a junction of those who admitted the power, but disapproved the plan, with those who denied the power. On a simple question of constitutionality, there was a decided majority in favor of it.

JAMES MADISON.

From the National Intelligencer.

"Man proposes, and God disposes" is an indifferent translation of a French proverb, the truth of which is realized every day of our lives. We have, however, rarely met with so remarkable an illustration of it as that which we are now about to communicate to our readers.

In the Boston Atlas of April 17th, we find the following notice:

> "Mr. Haughton, the proprietor and Senior Editor of this Journal, *will sail in the Acadia this afternoon for Liverpool.* During his absence, he will leave the editorial department of the Atlas under the sole charge of Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, Junior Editor. The business transactions of the office will also be conducted by Dr. Brewer, as his authorized agent and attorney."

Before the Acadia sailed *this afternoon*, Mr. Haughton was no more! He died of apoplexy at noon of that day. The Boston Mercantile Journal of Saturday evening announces his death as follows:

> "Mr. Haughton, in the Atlas of this morning, announced his intention of proceeding to Europe in the Acadia; and at about 12 o'clock, while making arrangements for his departure, and apparently in the possession of as much health as he had enjoyed for some months past, he was suddenly attacked with illness, probably apoplexy, and immediately expired."

The Mint.—We learn on unquestionable authority (says the New Orleans Advertiser) that the United States Mint at New Orleans has not done work enough for the last twelve months to pay its expenses.

This result was brought about in a great measure by the conduct of the late Administration, which drew out of the establishment a large quantity of the specie alloted to it by law as capital to work upon, and thus prevented bullion brokers from sending in their gold and silver to be coined, for the simple reason that they could not obtain new coin on demand in exchange for their deposits.

Correction.—A paragraph is going the rounds, which states that President Tyler was made Governor of Virginia by the death of the Governor, was made Senator by the death of one before his time expired, President by the death of Gen. Harrison, and his lady the daughter of Cooper, the tragedian. The Richmond Whig says there is not one word of truth in it, except the fact that Gov. Tyler succeeds to the Presidency by the death of Gen. Harrison. His son married Miss Cooper, an elegant and accomplished lady.

An Antediluvian.—The strange vitality of the frog when entirely shut out from the usual means of supporting existence is already well authenticated. A late English paper relates the following instance of the discovery of an *old croaker*: A highly respectable inhabitant of the town of Lancaster was breaking a large coal, when to his surprise a fine frog jumped out of a small hollow in its centre. It was immediately secured, and along with the piece of coal has been visited by numbers of the curious. The frog or toad is a fine lively specimen of the genus. From the appearance in the coal, it is supposed that it had formed the house of the toad ever since the formation of the seam.

THE RECENT EXTENSIVE FORGERIES.

The forgery on the Girard Bank.—Quite an excitement has prevailed among the banks and brokers, for two or three days past, in relation to the recent extensive forgeries in Cincinnati, Louisville and New York. A daring attempt was then made upon the Girard Bank of this city, as well as one or two other Banks. He also visited Baltimore and was not successful. While in Philadelphia, he called upon Mr. M. T. Miller, and endeavored to sell him a large amount of notes of the Cincinnati Bank.—But Mr. M. on questioning him, arrived at the conclusion that all was not right, and declined to purchase. He afterwards effected the sales with another broker.

The particulars of the case of the Girard Bank are thus stated in the Ledger.

"On the 2d of April instant, Mr. Lewis, Cashier of the Girard Bank, received a letter from G. O. Ball, Cashier of the Commercial Bank of New Orleans, containing one half of a certificate of deposite of that Bank for $21,000, Mexican, in the name of Matthew Draper, of London—the letter is the same, word for word, excepting the names, as the one that has been published, addressed to the Cashier of the Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati.

"On the 13th of April, Mr. Draper called at the Girard Bank, and produced to the cashier the other half of the certificate, curiously cut, which matched the other half Mr. Lewis had previously received. After going among the brokers and trying unsuccessfully to sell it, he returned to the Girard Bank, when Mr. Lewis purchased it from him. No doubt of the genuineness of the letter or certificate existed in the mind of the officers of the Girard Bank, but from subsequent circumstances, and the conduct of Mr. D. an apprehension arose in their minds as to the identity of Mr. Draper, and it was thought best by those officers to require the return of the money, which was obtained on condition that it should be given up as soon as advice of the payment of the certificate at New Orleans was received.—The certificate was forwarded to the Commercial Bank on the 13th of April, and no doubt exists in the mind of the Bank here, that it was a certificate from the same plate (an elaborately engraved one) as that used by the bank, from which it purported to come.

It has been since ascertained that Mr. Draper arrived in this city and put up at Sanderson's Merchant's Hotel, on the 11th of April. The money was obtained from the Bank on the 13th, and not recovered from him again until a day and a half or two days after, although he was earlier sought for. He remained about the city until Friday or Saturday last, since when he has not been heard from here.

We have examined the forgery, and compared it with various other letters, received upon the Cashier of the New Orleans bank, and find it, in every particular, to resemble the genuine. The body of the letter is in blue ink, perfectly resembling the hand of the clerk that performs that duty in the commercial bank, as does the color and texture of the paper, and the Cashier's signature; and even the seal upon the wafer, in the number and distance of the indentions, perfectly tallies with those of the genuine. So wholly does the counterfeit represent the genuine, that it is only from reading it that it can be distinguished.

This is one of the most stupendous frauds ever practised in this country. He has obtained from the Cincinnati Banks $14,000; from the Louisville Bank $13,000; and from the New York Bank of America $23,000; and had, in his possession, $21,000 from the Girard Bank; in all, $70,000; besides others which may not yet have come to light. It is generally believed that the depredator has sailed for Europe, and that he is the same adroit villain whose arrival in the United States, from London, was lately announced in the papers.

Since the foregoing was in type we have learned that the person from whom the money was obtained was not the person who obtained it from the Bank, but that it was unquestionably the same money, and was obtained through the intervention of the police in the lower part of the city. The person holding it was evidently an accomplice, who made every exertion to escape, and as evidently returned his booty through a compromise that had for its object the return of dollars to the bank, and gave the rascal permission to run unwhipt of justice.

We have also learned that efforts were made by this same gang to obtain from the Farmer's and Mechanic's Bank, and from the Bank of Pennsylvania, of this city, thro' the *instrumentality of duplicate certificates*, $30,000; from one $17,000, and from the other $13,000, but they were unsuccessful in both instances.

ARREST OF ONE OF THE SUPPOSED FORGERS.

Yesterday afternoon, at a late hour, constables Clopp and Ford arrested an individual answering in personal appearance the description given in the papers of the person who committed the recent forgery upon the Cincinnati Bank, and connected with other depredations of a like character.—This individual for two or three days past, has been putting up at the White Bear Hotel, corner of Fifth and Race streets by the name of L. J. Sykes. On Thursday morning, after the publication of the forgeries appeared, he stated to Mr. Dohnert that he should leave for New York. He left, with his baggage, but instead of going to New York, he proceeded in a circuitous route to the Golden Swan, in Third street, and took lodging in the name of Trevor. It appears that prior to his boarding at Mr. Dohnert's he had been staying at the hotel corner of Ninth and Market streets, under some other name. He stated to Alderman Brazer, who issued the warrant for his arrest, that he had been in the country for five years, had done no kind of business, but lived upon remittances from England, that he had been in New Orleans eighteen months ago, was in Cincinnati six weeks ago, and in Pittsburg about three weeks since. While at Mr. Dohnert's he remarked several times of the heavy discount he had to pay on western money. He was committed for a further hearing in default of giving bail in the sum of $5,000. He had considerable baggage at his lodgings.—*Phil. Pub. Ledger.*

TREASURER OF THE MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

Ex-Gov. Findlay has been removed by President Tyler as Treasurer of the Mint at Philadelphia, and the late distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania, Joseph Ritner, appointed in his place. This exercise of power having excited a howl of indignation from Loco Focoism, it is proper to show the reasons which justify it. The Madisonian assigns them as follows:

"It is not deemed necessary to publish to the world all the circumstances inducing the removal of public officers, unless required, for were we to do so, "the world itself would scarce contain" that "which would be written." But as the Globe and the other prints friendly to Mr. Findlay, have opened the subject, we will state as briefly as possible, the principal cause of his removal. It was nothing more or less than gross neglect of the duties of his responsible station, and failure and refusal to comply with the law requiring a bond to be given for the faithful performance of the duties of his office, and for the security of the public against such defalcations as took place during his administration of the treasury of the Mint.

"During the recess of the Senate, in September, 1830, Ex-governor Findlay was appointed by the President, Treasurer of the Mint of the United States, at Philadelphia, and on October 1st ensuing, with Robert Smith and Francis R. Shunk, as securities executed an official bond in the penal sum of $10,000, for the faithful performance of the duties of the office. This bond being given on an appointment made during the recess of the Senate, of course operated only until the conclusion of the next session of Congress thereafter. Mr. Findlay was permitted to remain in this important trust without giving bond or any security whatever for more than eight years; but at last, on the 26th October, 1838, a commission was issued and the appointment confirmed by the Senate; and on the 28th October, 1839, Mr. Findlay gave a bond with the same sureties and penalty.

"In 1840, Mr. Findlay was required to give a new bond, according to the requisitions of the law passed in that year, prescribing the form of bonds for such officers. This he declined doing, and desired that he might be considered as having resigned, or as being about to resign his commission.

"During the time that Mr. Findlay was thus acting without commission or bond, as Treasurer of the Mint and "Agent for distribution of copper coins," a defalcation was allowed to take place in the copper account of upwards of $8,000. The whole amount of the deficit is upwards of $10,000, but a small portion of that amount is secured by the bond operating during the few months succeeding the appointment of Mr. Findlay, and the short period of the existence of the bond given in 1839. It will be remarked that the second bond has no *retroactive* operation.

"These defalcations, thefts, or whatever the *tastes* of the people may term them, are alleged to have been committed by the clerk to whom this *cent* business was entrusted, and with whose accounts the Treasurer should have been familiar, as he undoubtedly is *responsible* for his conduct.

"It will be observed that this fraud was going on through this long term of years without inquiry or correction.

"The Globe can have more information in regard to these "*innocent victims of proscription*," if their friends see fit to call for it.

"It is perhaps unpleasant to these people who have been sucking the blood of the people for years, to be driven away from their accustomed "spoils," but the Globe may rest assured that an end is to be made of these things by the present Administration.

"This statement is made somewhat hastily but it is substantially correct. We will give further details if desired hereafter."

A slight cold.—Let not those complain of being bitten, by a reptile which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg. Now if we call a slight cold the egg, and pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, asthma, consumption, the venomous reptile, the matter will be more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this egg may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or stand in a draft, however slight—it is the breath of death, reader, and laden with the vapor of the grave! Lying in damp beds—for there his cold arms shall embrace you: continuing in wet clothing and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, cherish the creature that shall at last creep inextricably inward, and lie coiled about your very vitals. Once more again!—again—again—I would say, attend to this, all ye who think it a small matter to "neglect a slight cold!"—*Diary of a late Physician.*

Fancy Names.—A Mr. Wall, wishing to compliment his neighbor, Mr. Stone, named his first born after him. A Mr. Pease christened his son Green, out of respect for his physician, who bore that name. A Mr. Ball named his son Cannon, after his uncle. The result of all this display of fancy produces a *Stone Wall, Green Pease,* and *Cannon Ball.*

A Hog's Life.—Erastus Barber, of Onondaga, had a hog, which disappeared on the 8th of December last. On the 11th of March his hired man heard a groan under the barn floor, and on examining, found the hog, almost a skeleton. He thinks the animal must have remained there during the whole time he was missed, three months and three days, without a particle of water or food. When taken out he was barely alive, but is now recovering and likely to do well.

THE CIRCULAR TO OFFICE HOLDERS.

As many persons professing Jeffersonian democracy with their lips, affect to regard the late circular as anti-republican and tyrannical, we think it may be useful here to remind them of the views and practice of two former presidents, whom they profess to respect. The circular treads the footsteps of Jefferson, and carries out the views of Jackson, as the following extracts will serve to show.

MR. JEFFERSON'S Circular.

Extract from Mr. Jefferson's Circular addressed to office holders under himself.

"The President of the United States has seen with dissatisfaction, officers of the General Government, taking, on various occasions, active parts in the elections of public functionaries whether of the General or State Government. Freedom of election being essential to the mutual independence of Government, and of the different branches of the same Government, so vitally cherished by most of our constitutions, it is deemed improper for officers depending on the Executive of the Union, to attempt to control or influence the free exercise of the elective right. *It is expected that no officer will attempt to influence the votes of other men, nor take any part in the business of electioneering*—that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and his duties."

From GEN. JACKSON'S Inaugural Address.

"The recent demonstrations of public sentiment inscribed on the list of Executive duties in characters too legible to be overlooked, the task of reform—which will require particularly the correction of those abuses that have brought the patronage of the Federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections."

WASHINGTON, APRIL 26.

President Tyler received the Diplomatic Body on Saturday, at two o'clock, at the President's Mansion.

In the absence of the British Minister, Mr. Fox, (who, we are sorry to say, was kept away by indisposition,) the Russian Minister, Mr. Bodisco, appeared at the head of the Corps.

As the members of the Body were respectively presented, the President spoke to each of them of the relations, present or past, between his country and the United States, and of his hope of the continuance of amicable relations; and received from all congratulations, and the assurance of the desire of peace and amity with his country.

In these short conversations with gentlemen, mostly strangers to him, the President was particularly happy, and this, his first official intercourse with the Representatives of other Nations, was, we doubt not, exceedingly satisfactory. Nothing, indeed, could be more appropriate, or in better taste than the President's remarks, and the replies of the several members of the Corps.—*Nat. Intell.*

MIDSHIPMEN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Many applications having been made, as we understand, to the Navy Department, from almost all parts of the country, for Midshipmen's appointments, it seems proper to state, in order to save trouble and prevent disappointment, that we have ascertained that, before the expiration of the term of the late Administration, not only every vacancy in the authorized number of such appointments had been filled, but several appointments had been made in advance of that number. It is not, therefore, within the power of the Secretary to make a single appointment in that branch and class of the service, nor will it be until the authorized number of midshipmen be augmented, (as probably, in reference to the public interest, it ought to be,) or until extensive promotions shall be made in the Naval Service.—*Nat. Intell.*

CADETS' APPOINTMENTS.

In consequence of the intimation given in this paper of Tuesday last, that, until there should be some augmentation of the number, there would be no appointment of the Midshipmen shortly made, a Letter has been addressed to us from Baltimore, requesting us to inform the Public whether "there will be any more appointments to West Point this year," which information, the writer says, "may save many, and certainly will save him, the trouble and expense of going to Washington." We have made such inquiry as enables us to state that appointment of Cadets were made by the late Administration (previous to the 4th March last) to the full extent authorized by law, and of a sufficient number beyond that extent to make it certain that no appointments will be made within this year, unless perhaps of two youths, a grandson and another relative of the late President, whom it has been determined to appoint to the first vacancies in that corps which shall occur.—*ib.*

In the procession at Boston in honor of the deceased President, the banner of Ward Six was borne by Mr. Samuel Thaxter, the only survivor of those who bore standards in the funeral procession in honor of Gen. Washington, which took place in February, 1800. Mr. Thaxter, who is one of the good old stock of the sturdy men of the past, whom age does not wear out, did not spare himself a step of the whole long march, and returned to the Ward Room, after six hours' service, as vigorous as when he left it. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon one of his sons called at his house to see how he bore the fatigues of the day, and was informed that his father had gone to take a walk! This, remember, was after a five hours' march in the morning, carrying a heavy standard.—*Post.*

Sea Board Defences.—Gen. Wool, of the United States Army, is engaged in an inspection of the sea board fortifications of the United States, left as was every thing else, by the late Administration, in a state of ruin and dilapidation. In a four years rule, Van Burenism squandered more than 150 millions of dollars, and it is scarcely possible to tell on what, or for what. The world has never witnessed more waste of expenditure, except in the riots of a few profligate Kings and their mistresses.—*Richmond Whig.*

"PROSCRIPTION" REPUDIATED BY THE GLOBE.

From the Globe of [illegible] 1838.

"The opinion of the [illegible], that to employ in high offices men opposed to the Government, is 'political suicide,' [illegible] of the opposition which proclaims [illegible], as it were, in a hostile camp. Those who are to carry out its measures throw every obstacle in the way of their execution. Nay more; they are ever in confidential communication with the enemy, to whom they reveal its purposes in advance, and whom they furnish with distorted misrepresentations, instead of correct information, to be used against those by whom they are employed. They turn the facilities and advantages of official position into instruments against the Government which they should sustain with a cordial and energetic, not grudging, discharge of their official duties," &c. &c.

From the Globe of June 13, 1840.

"For the sake of the country at large, we hope to see a new infusion of energy into all the public employments at Washington, whose business has been suffered to stagnate in the same hands for the tenth part of a century. This can only be imparted by bringing from the country a *fresh body of intelligent, industrious,* and ZEALOUS DEMOCRATS, who, having been reared in the healthy atmosphere of fields and woods, will bring to the discharge of public trusts minds and bodies unimpaired by the infection of city life. *This will indeed be* REFORM."

The tables are turned and the Globe is of a very different opinion. It would now have the Whig Administration place itself "in a hostile camp," and commit "political suicide" by "employing in high offices men opposed to it." We think the "engineer is blown up by his own petard."—*Richmond Whig.*

The Globe continues its offensive political warfare upon the living and the dead. The ferociousness with which it pursued Gen. Harrison when a candidate for the Executive chair was almost unparalleled. No offensive epithet or malevolent remark was withheld. No charge which could sully his reputation or deface his character was kept back. Malice did its worst to make him odious, and detraction was not spared where it could change a vote. The warfare was cruel and unmanly, because the arrows which were shot from the quiver of the Globe were poisoned arrows. Even after the result was known and the choice of the People was most emphatically expressed, that journal did not relax its vindictiveness. The decencies of private life were violated, and the social habits and unostentatious kindness of the amiable President were the subject of rude and vulgar remark. In an hour of apparent health and undoubted security, the venerated subject of this injustice was numbered with the dead.—The Globe abated its ruthless assaults for a few days, but they were renewed with fresh malevolence when the grave embraced its victim. The editor of that paper has no relentings, when others are prostrated by sickness or death. The more powerless an antagonist, the more unscrupulous are its stabs into the lacerated hearts of the survivors. Since the death of Gen. Harrison that journal has been torturing the incoherent words of this expiring Christian into the language of political regrets. It pretends that his dying murmurs indicated bitter relentings for having removed one or two men, while the remarks which were coupled with this flagrant outrage were both unfeeling and heartless. The excesses of a political contest are often cruel upon the living, but they seldom reach the cold tenement of the dead. The waves of party violence were everywhere stilled except in the unfeeling breast of the editor of the Globe. He alone enjoys the unenviable, exclusive satisfaction of warring upon the inanimate remains of Gen. Harrison. The sacredness of the tomb should shield its cold occupant from detraction. If the living are sometimes assailed with fierceness, it is alone left for the spirit of ruffianism to [illegible] the departed dead.—*Phil. North American.*

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

The origin of this ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their stamp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force, unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter.—The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.—*Ral. Reg.*

Rather over sleeping.—At the late Presidential Inauguration, two gentlemen from Boston having arrived in Washington late on the evening of the 3rd, requesting to be immediately shown to their rooms, were accordingly shown to a dark room in Brown's Hotel, where they actually slept until supper time on the 4th.—They were then aroused by a waiter, who went up to see what could be the matter, and upon knocking at the door, he was requested to come in, when one of the gentlemen merrily sung out—"well snow ball, all alive in the streets—much going on—breakfast ready?" "No massa," said the negro, "they done gone on and supper on the table." How the gentlemen professed themselves pleased with the Inaugural ceremonies, we never learned.—*Western Carolina Temp. Adv.*

Among the instances of mortality constantly occurring among newspapers, we note that the "*Sun*" lately shining in the regions round about *Knightstown, La.,* has *gone down.*—*Greensborough Patriot.*

Charlotte:

Thursday, May 13, 1841.

We are authorized to announce B. OATES, Esq., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of Mecklenburg County Court, at the next election.

Charlotte, April 1, 1841.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES T. ALEXANDER, jun., as a Candidate for the office of County Court Clerk.

April 8, 1841.

We are authorized to announce JENNINGS B. KERR, Esq., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Clerk of the Superior Court.

April 20, 1841.

ELECTION THE 5TH OF AUGUST.

"A HOPEFUL SON OF A HOPEFUL SIRE."

Last Saturday, during our temporary absence from town, a certain Dr. Charles J. Fox of this place, made an unprovoked and cowardly attack upon Mr. T. J. Holton, the publisher of this paper. It seems that this dastardly attack was caused by an editorial article, which appeared in last week's Journal; for which Mr. Holton was in no way responsible. To prevent future misconception on the part of this gallant gentleman, and all whom it may concern, we state that the Editorial Department is under our *absolute* and exclusive control—subject to the influence of no one. We would scorn a connection with a paper, in the management of which we could not act independently, and upon our individual responsibility.

The paper, containing the supposed offensive article, was published on Thursday morning (and Mr. Holton was in the shop in the presence of Fox soon after;) from which time until Saturday, we were in town ready at any moment to answer for our conduct; but no demand was made for an explanation or satisfaction; frequently during the time we met the Dr. in the street and elsewhere, to all human appearance as quiet as a lamb. On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, we left for the quiet and rural shades of the country—of our departure Dr. Fox was fully aware, and cowardlike, he suffered us to depart unmolested; but no sooner than we were at a safe and convenient distance from the scene of turmoil and strife, this valiant young man with vengeance festering in his bosom, and "itching ire oozing from his finger ends," screwed his courage to the "sticking point," and *in his own house*, made an immense display of muscular energy and prowess much to the discomfiture of a hat which was, we are credibly informed shockingly mangled, mutilated, and dreadfully rumpled by blows aimed "thick and strong." The particulars of this tragedy we learn were these: Mr. Holton was sitting in the Apothecary Shop owned by Fox; while there, Fox came in "evidently under *high excitement*," and shaking violently a No. of the *Journal* which he held in his hand, asked him if a certain epithet therein, referred to his father? Mr. Holton told him that "he did not know that it did," upon which Fox, determined to take no denial, said that he considered him (Holton) responsible: Mr. Holton informed him that he was in no way responsible, for any thing that we might say through the *Journal*, whereupon the *gallant* Fox aimed a blow direct at the head of Mr. Holton. After the *fracas* was over he swelled himself up with wind and anger to such a degree, as to burst forth in threats the most vengeful and dire. Keep cool Charley, and remember that *wind bags* frighten but few in this enlightened age; and in particular we caution thee against a repetition of the romantic adventures of the knight of the Rueful Countenance, Don Quixotte of La Mancha, as the days of chivalry are past and bragadocio's *are* in but little demand.

If he wished satisfaction for a conceived insult offered to his father, why not demand it from the author? Why attack an individual who had nothing to do with it? Why this pusillanimous conduct was pursued the public can judge.

In conclusion, we say that this act of Charles J. Fox, which amounts to a virtual recognition of the truth of the epithet, which he has seen proper to fasten upon his father, places him in a very ridiculous position. In the first place, he asks if the article refers to his father? he is answered by Mr. Holton that "he did not know that it did." Now, if Charles J. Fox did not believe in the truth of the epithet, this declaration would have been sufficient, but we all know the old adage, "a galled jade winces."

If the said Fox wishes to saddle upon his father the epithet of "steaming Stephen," and to recognize him as the tail end of the "party," we cannot help it, but regret exceedingly that he has such a faint perception of the proper and prudent.

Public Fast.

Religious services will take place at the Methodist Church on Friday at 11 o'clock, A. M., which is the day appointed by President Tyler, as a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer. The event which has called forth this appointment, is a sad memento of the instability of all human greatness. Just entering upon the duties of his high station, with the eyes of a world turned upon him, regardless death laid his cold hand upon him, and now, amid the tears of a nation, William Henry Harrison in silence sleeps within the narrow chambered grave!

As a matter of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead we would suggest that business of all kinds be suspended during the day.

ANOTHER VICTORY!

Old Virginia erect! Locofocoism laid low! and the Richmond Junto prostrated!

The results from this State is highly satisfactory; they proclaim her true to the son of her soil,—soon will the proud banner of Virginia independence, float proudly over the "*free and the brave*," unstained by a blemish of Locofoco contamination. In Congress the Whigs have ten and the locos ten members and one *impracticable*. Last session the Locos had 13 and the Whigs 8. In the Legislature the Whigs have lost a nominal member or two; but the loss is more than counterbalanced by the purgation. When Mr. Rives was elected it was we believe by but a bare majority of two votes; when Mr. Archer was made U. S. Senator it was by but one vote. The Whigs then possessed a majority of 10. Their majority now is two in both houses so that on joint ballot they will have 4. This insures a Whig Governor to supply a vacancy caused by the resignation of Gov. Gilmer. Well and nobly done old Virginia!

The Richmond Whig remarks:

OUT OF THE WOODS!

The mail of last evening brought intelligence of the election of a Whig in Mason and Jackson—a Whig gain—which settles the question as to the state of parties in the next House of Delegates. Hardy and Fayette and Nicholas have not been officially heard from, but the Whig majority in both is so large and decided, that no doubt is entertained, but that they have elected Whigs. Including them, the Whigs have 68—a majority of two, which, with the majority of two in the Senate, gives the Whigs the controul of both Bodies, and a majority of at least 4 on joint ballot. It is possible, and indeed probable, that this majority will be increased by other counties. Braxton and Lewis is not without hope, and if Col. Lawson was a candidate in Logan, that county has also been gained.

The account of loss and gain so far stands as follows:

WHIG GAIN.		WHIG LOSS.	
Fairfax	1	Buckingham	2
Stafford	1	Prince Edward	1
Southampton	1	Powhatan	1
Monroe	1	Petersburg	1
Bath	1	Accomac	1
Montgomery &c.	1	Caroline	1
Cabell	1	Nelson	1
Giles and Mercer	1	Frederick	1
Mason & Jackson	1	Marshall	1
		Tyler	1
	9		11

Both branches of the Legislature, and a clear gain of two members of Congress.—Glory enough for one campaign!

A FEW PLAIN FACTS.

When Gen. Jackson came into power, we had an United States Bank and the best general currency in the world: we had state and local banks whose paper was equal to specie within their proper sphere. Now, we have broken banks and a circulation of depreciated paper. In the state of Mississippi, ten dollars in specie will purchase ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS of bank paper, and in various other States, the same condition of the circulating medium exists. Is it not plain to every reflecting man, that this general deranged state of our Currency could never have become universal, without a general cause? Suppose that a bank breaks here and there, or that their notes depreciate in value, that will not produce a general effect—the consequences will be merely local. But the present derangement exists every where—from Maine to Louisiana alike is felt the general embarrassment.

But to return, when the reforming administration of Jackson took the reins of government, we were a happy and prosperous people—our trade was flourishing, and on the wings of the wind our commerce was wafted to almost every port of the globe; while industry, the handmaid of virtue, abounded in our land. But in an evil hour, Jackson commenced a war upon the bank, which finally resulted in its overthrow; then, and not till then, state and local banks increased two for one and soon flooded the country with an excess of bank paper: this extension of bank issues inflated the country and gave a fictitious value to every thing; for a short period a temporary state of increasing prosperity was induced throughout the country; the fact was triumphantly appealed to by the supporters of the Jackson policy, as an evidence of the superior sagacity of Jackson. It was in vain, that illustrious Senators and statesmen foretold the dreadful collapse that would inevitably follow—they were denounced as begetters of imaginary evils, and engenderers of panics—in vain did Clay, Webster, and a host of eminent statesmen on the floor of Congress warn the people of the ultimate termination of these measures—for their prudent foresight, they were denounced and abused and called by every harsh epithet, that a reckless party could bestow. But these predictions have been fulfilled, alas! to the ruin of thousands! No sooner was the influence of the United States Bank withdrawn from the state and local banks, which operated as a severe check upon their operations, than they thrust forth *millions* upon *millions* of their bills; this course caused a reckless spirit of wild speculation, in almost every department of trade. The end of this ruinous course was clearly seen and fortold. Now, when ruin and distress pervaded every part of the country—while trade lays prostrated and industry languishes, all feel, all know the melancholy truth. An individual who has taken the trouble to compute the loss, which the country has sustained by the dreadful revulsion, make it over ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS of DOLLARS! In the single article of slaves exclusive of landed property, the loss to the South in their value is over FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS of DODLARS! In the landed property of the United States it is beyond calculation. Yet, in the face of these startling facts, the faction opposed to the administration, hold on to their wretched policy and cry "monster," whenever the propriety of establishing a National Bank is mentioned. We place these facts before the public, for their serious consideration and mature reflection; with the belief that the people will soon permanently establish that course of policy, which will tend to raise the depressed energies of the nation, and again bring prosperity to our unhappy country.

PROSCRIPTION—PROSCRIPTION.

The Globe, Richmond Enquirer and kindred prints are making a terrible uproar about removals from office. What a change has "come over the spirit of their dream." They now talk of the "guillotine reeking with the blood of victims;" but we would ask who are those "victims?" Are they not the pliant minions and supple tools of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, who were rewarded with office for their servility and toadyism? Must these miserable wretches yet be suffered to fatten upon the public treasure and in perfect impunity, enjoy the fruits of their labors? How many worthy, honest and honorable men were proscribed by the ruthless hand of the "Kitchen Cabinet," who filled their places with venal politicians and corrupt individuals! Shall these beings now be shielded from the just vengeance of an insulted and oppressed people? The late Presidential struggle was the People against the Office-holders. During the canvass we have seen a pensioned press, obeying the dictates of its abandoned and profligate leaders and directors, casting every species of abuse and falsehood upon the name and spotless fame of him who now sleeps in the silent tomb, amid the sorrow and tears of a nation.

The principles of Reform successfully carried out in the late election, demand the removal of such from office—part of the duty of the administration will be neglected until not a political tool remains in office.

☞The following, which we extract from the Medical Examiner, we publish for the public eye. How many there are who imagine that the physician should receive a miserable pittance for his care, skill, and attention, while watching night after night the phrenzied agony of his patient. Why this common belief or feeling should exist in a community we need not say.

PROFESSIONAL EMOLUMENT.

We remember to have heard the opinion advanced by a veteran confrère, that a greater amount was expended upon the education of physicians, than in the aggregate they received from the public. Startling as this assertion may seem, it is nearer the truth than is generally supposed. It is a fact, seriously to be pondered on, that professional compensation is very disproportionate to the physical and intellectual labor expended in earning it. The road of wealth is not often smoothed by the doctor's gig. While, in this country, almost every other avocation, pursued steadily and with industry, holds out a fair prospect of accumulation, the physician in general toils on, fortunate if he can secure an income adequate to support his position in society, dependant on and expiring with his own exertions. He is indeed rewarded with a desirable position in society, and the self-approbation which accompanies the honorable discharge of the duties of a noble calling. But he has a right to look to more—to the attainment of those objects which most men prize, ease and comfort for the decline of life, and competence for the families which they rear. Why are these objects generally beyond the reach of physicians? Why, in our favored country, do they, almost alone, among the intelligent industrious, fail to secure that summum bonum, wealth, in this thriving age the great object of human effort! We think the cause lies very much with themselves. In this, our own city, the American metropolis of medicine, we are satisfied that the profession can by proper concert of action, greatly advance the general standing and individual prosperity of its members.

Might we venture to offer suggestions to those who occupy the foremost ranks, we would say—concentrate your business, and exact (what will be cheerfully conceded) higher rates of compensation. Thus, with greater comfort to yourselves, with less expenditure of vital energy, of which many of you are recklessly lavish, your patients will receive more attention, your own incomes be improved, and your juniors be spared the long years of hope deferred. We could point to more than one, eminent among us, whose desire to enlarge their business is not measured by their ability to attend to it with justice, if not to their patients, certainly to themselves; to more than one who, from a mistaken liberality to patients, commit great unfairness to their brethren. It is this very carelessness of compensation, too, that often swells the business of a popular practitioner to the inordinate amount which places him in the position of the dog in the fable. We repeat, that such would increase their own comfort, their own and the general prosperity by working less at higher rates.—Most of the profession here will feel the justice of these remarks.

It is indisputably the duty of *every* practitioner strictly to adhere, not so much to a fixed tariff of fees, as to a scale of compensation due to the dignity of his profession, and a proper estimate of his own usefulness. In cases appropriate for charity, let him remit according to his discretion; but let him in no instance undervalue, even nominally, services of the highest grade which man can render to man. Doubtless, the same remuneration cannot be asked from the poor as from the opulent, but every physican owes to his profession, if not to himself, to maintain a proper standard of remuneration, which he can always at least assert.

The gratuitous services rendered to public charities form a proper topic of remark, while discussing the general subject. This point is, however, of such peculiar delicacy, that we prefer deferring it for special notice. We advert to the whole matter, it is perhaps hardly necessary to add, from a sense of editorial duty, choosing, even at the risk of being misunderstood, to uphold what we think the interests and dignity of the profession. These objects, as well as the advancement of medical science, come within the scope of a journal.

☞The following beautiful reflections upon death by fire we copy from the New Orleans Picayune.

Death by Fire.—How every pulse thrills and what indescribable conceptions of terror enter the soul when reflection is suffered to linger a moment upon the agonizing calamity of death by fire! Springing from asleep to be locked up in walls of fire—enclosed in a prison of flame, from whence your shrieks may not be heard, while the bells without are ringing your death knell, and the scorching element of destruction is hissing in your ear the inevitable sentence of doom. To grasp and choke pent up in the black vapor—to feel the biting touch of the flame, and shriek aloud in impotent and hopeless phrenzy!

> "O horror! horror! horror! tongue nor heart
> Cannot conceive nor name thee!"

Who may know how men die who are lost in the midnight flame? The wild scream of paralized fright—the mad and desperate effort at escape—the shout, the gasp, the struggle, the convulsion and the groan—the helpless and despairing groan! O, how short and sudden is such a transit to the grave! The jewel of life is lost in a wild and strange nightmare, and the Promethean spark is eclipsed and extinguished by a grosser flame of the earth. There shall be no tombstone, no grave for the victim! "Ashes to ashes," literally as solemnly is his doom, and not a crumbling bone will be laid away beneath the green sod to moulder and be wept over by the eyes that have loved and lost him. To lay down and sleep, and plunge through flames into eternity! O, how inestimable must seem the blessing of life we still enjoy, when Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, holds in its hand such heart-appalling calamities as death by fire!

[FOR THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.]

There's music on the twilight lake,
In the voice of early spring;
There's music when the billows break,
And in their murmuring.
There's music in the thunder's roar,
When the lightning's flash we see;
And music in the sounding oar,
Which cuts the sparkling sea.
There's music in the mountain cave
When Echo's voice we hear,
Though all around, below, above,
May be lone, still and drear. M.

THE EVENING STAR.

Star of my hopes! whose silver ray
Illumes the brow of even,
Soon as the beams of parting day
Fade in the vault of heaven.
Oh lovely star! still brightly shine,
Though earthly hopes be riven,
And gently guide to realms divine
My Spirit tempest-driven. M.

THE PRIZE SHIP.

The beautiful Ship "Liberty," left in charge of the Central Committee by the Wilmington Delegation in the great October Convention, to be presented as a prize to the county which should give the greatest increased Whig majority, at the Presidential, over the Gubernatorial election, was awarded to the republican and patriotic county of Surry. It was delivered to an agent from that county on Monday, and on Tuesday morning was cut loose from its mooring in this City, and put off in fine style for the port of Rockford. We wish it a safe and prosperous voyage; and trust that whenever the Whigs of Surry shall cast their eyes upon that beautiful emblem of national glory and defence they will remember the dieing words of one of our naval heroes to his gallant Tars—"Don't give up the Ship, boys—Don't give up the Ship!"—*Raleigh Star.*

Frauds in Flour.—Several of our Merchants have mentioned the fact to us, that frauds to a considerable extent are practised in the article of flour. A large quantity of the flour brought from the up country to this market is found to weigh from eight to fifteen pounds less to the barrel than the legal weight. Here, where the means of weighing are at hand, these attempts at fraud are easily detected; but in the country, where considerable quantities of flour is sold from the wagons, great impositions, no doubt are practiced.

Millers in the up country, who send much flour to market with their brand upon the barrels, and who desire to maintain a reputation, should look well to the packing.

Within the last week a case has been brought to our notice, and the name of the miller also furnished, but we forbear giving it publicity at present, with the hope that we shall hear of no more such cases.—*Camden Journal.*

GREAT EXPEDITION—VALUE OF OUR RAIL ROAD.

We are informed on good authority, that Mr. W. C. Tucker, a Merchant of this City, shipped a part of his Spring Stock of Goods at New York, on Wednesday, the 14th inst. and that they were delivered in this City, through the agency of the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, on Wednesday, the 21st—being just eight days from New York, although they were detained one day in Petersburg. The distance between Raleigh and New York is *five hundred miles!* This seems like annihilating both time and space.—*Ral. Reg.*

Right of Instruction.—In a public debate between Messrs. McDowell and Stuart, the candidates for Congress in the Augusta district, Virginia, the subject of the right of instruction was brought up.—Mr. McD. gave in his adheson to the instruction doctrine to its fullest extent.—Mr. Stuart, as reported by a correspondent of the Richmond Whig, said that "while the wishes of his constituents would always receive the most respectful consideration at his hands, and while their will would be his rule of action in matters of mere *expediency*, he held the Constitution, which he would swear to support, if elected their representative, to be of paramount obligation, and that he would neither violate it, nor commit an act of moral turpitude, though instructed to do so by every man, woman, and child in the district—or, rather than do such a deed, he would sever his right arm from his body or die in his seat."—*Nat. Intel.*

PROSCRIPTION.

In spite of all the clamor which the Editor of the Enquirer is making about what he terms the proscriptive course of the present Administration, he aided and abetted an Administration which he predicted would be a curse to the country, in the most appalling course of proscription which has ever disgraced this or any other country.

From an article in the last National Intelligencer, we learn that, during the first four months of the first year of General Jackson's administration, there were removed

Fifteen Ministers Plenipotentiary, Charges d' Affaires, and Secretaries of Legation.

Nine Marshalls and fifteen U. States Attorneys.

Forty-eight Collectors and Principal Revenue officers.

Nine Indian Agents and Navy Agents.

Twenty-six Receivers and Registers of Land Offices.

Twenty-one Consuls for foreign ports.

Four hundred and ninety-one Postmasters, besides a host of secondary officers, such as Clerks, Inspectors of the customs, &c.

All this was known to the *anti proscribing* Editor of the Enquirer, and yet no one heard from him the slightest whisper in condemnation of that which he now dedenounces with a stentorian voice.—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

Senator Tullmadge.—There is not the slightest foundation for the rumor that Mr. Tallmadge will abandon his post in the Senate and take office under the General Government. He bore a distinguished part in the struggle which has resulted in the overthrow of Mr. Van Buren; but the work is as yet only half accomplished.—Important measures of reform, necessary to insure a return of prosperity to the country, are to be submitted to Congress at its next session. The distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, the adjustment of the tariff, and the establishment of a National Bank, measures which will require all the talents, zeal, and perseverance of every friend of the People in the national legislature to effect their passage. Upon these great measures the last battle with locofocoism is to be fought, and to that fight Mr. Tallmadge intends to devote himself.

In a recent letter to a friend in this city, he says: "Believe none of the rumors about my taking office. I will take nothing. I will stand by the guns till the last shot is fired."—*N. Y. Times and Star.*

A Letter to the Editors from a distinguished citizen of Kentucky states that the Address of President Tyler to the People of the United States has diffused a general joy among the Whigs of that State; as, indeed, it appears to have done among the Whigs every where. In Georgia, we observe, that feeling is particularly manifested.—*National Intelligencer.*

The death of a Clergyman.—A Baptist clergyman, named King Griskell, was recently killed at Cincinnati, by violence. The Chronicle of that city says—"He was, we understand, a Baptist clergyman, laboring in the western part of the city, and was killed in consequence of offence taken at some of his remarks. We have thought it proper to suppress names and to give no farther particulars until an official examination is had. The violence was committed, we understand, last Friday, and the unfortunate sufferer expired yesterday.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The Rev. Mr. Bacon, in his Address on Saturday, on the death of the late President, referred to some very interesting incidents in the life of General Harrison's ancestors. He spoke of the General's father, Benjamin Harrison, as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and remarked that if that Declaration had not been sustained, its signers would have been condemned to an ignominious death, and their children would have been stigmatized as the offspring of traitors! In such a failure, Benjamin Harrison would have met the fate of Major General T. Harrison, his ancestor, who was one of the members of the British Parliament that signed the death Warrant of Charles I.! The announcement of this fact caused a very visible sensation—and the minds of most present probably reverted to the circumstance that *within a rod of the pulpit* from which the reverend Orator was speaking, were reposing the bodies of Goffee, Dixwell, and Whalley, three other members of the same Parliament, and signers of the same death warrant against the British King!

There is a *fac simile* of this Death Warrant, with all the signatures and seals of the Judges, now in the Trumbull Gallery, and perhaps the only one in the country. It was brought from England and presented to the Gallery, by one of our fellow-citizens, from whom we received the information of its being within our reach—and we took the first opportunity to gratify our curiosity in an examination of it. The signature of "T. Harrison," is in a large bold hand, and is more nearly like Jefferson's signature upon the Declaration or Independence than any other name upon it. Indeed the T's in both signatures are exactly alike. Benjamin Harrison's signature, though in a much smaller hand, has nevertheless considerable resemblance to that of his ancestor.

How far in descent the late General Harrison was from Harrison the regicide, (so called) we have not at present the means of knowing, but it can be easily ascertained. King Charles was beheaded on the 30th of January 1648.—*New Haven Palladium.*

THE RULING PASSION.

Cæsar folded his robe around him, and fell with dignity, "even at the base of Pompey's Statue." John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence, with the word "*Independence*," on his lips. Thos. Jefferson's last words, on the same day, were—"*Warn the Committee* [of Public Safety] *of their danger*"—his mind thus, even in the latest moment of existence, reverting to the early crisis of the Revolution. Napoleon died with the professional phrase "*Tete d'arme*" trembling on his tongue. The last words of our own lamented Harrison, (supposed to be addressed to the Vice President) were "*Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.*"—*Raleigh Reg.*

SENATOR PRESTON OF S. C.

In reply to a question addressed to him by a Public meeting in South Carolina, in reference to the incorporation of a National Bank, Senator Preston declares, that so far as the general principle is involved, he stands upon the same ground occupied by "our late lamented President and the acting President, (Tyler,) as contained in an answer of the latter to a similar question put to him during the late Presidential canvass," to wit: "There is not in the Constitution any express grant of power for such a purpose, and it will never be constitutional to exercise that power, save in the event the powers granted to Congress could not be carried into effect without resorting to such an institution." He adds, that "the creative necessity should be palpable and overruling."—*ib.*

The Strangest coincidence yet discovered.—The New York Signal states that "John Tyler, father of President Tyler, succeeded Benjamin Harrison, father of the late President Harrison, in 1781, as Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates. John Tyler, the son of the former Speaker Tyler, succeeds W. H. Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison, as President of the United States.

W. W. ELMS

IS now receiving and opening one of the most extensive and well selected stocks of

Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, &c.,

that has ever been offered to the citizens of Mecklenburg and the adjacent country. His Goods have been carefully selected and bought in the markets of New York and Philadelphia FOR CASH, and FOR CASH he wishes to SELL them. He therefore requests his friends not to ask him for credit, as he intends doing an exclusive CASH BUSINESS.

—ALSO—

A good assortment of DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS, and he can in a short time supply all demands for FRENCH BURR MILL STONES of all sizes, and at manufacturer's prices, with the addition of the freight, &c.

Charlotte, May 12, 1841. 33tf

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

MECKLENBURG COUNTY.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

April Term, 1841.

Joseph Reed vs. Samuel Lowrie. } Original Attachment.

Levied on a negro man named Cæsar and a tract of land adjoining the lands of Patrick Johnston, Milton McGaughey and others, containing about 240 acres.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the defendant is not an inhabitant of this State, *Ordered, therefore*, that publication be made for six weeks successively in the Charlotte Journal, notifying the said Samuel Lowrie to appear before the Justices of our said Court, to be held for the County of Mecklenburg, at the Court House in Charlotte, on the 4th Monday in July next, and then and there replevy or plead to issue, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be rendered and the property levied on condemned subject to the plaintiff's recovery.

Witness, Braly Oates, Clerk of our said Court, at Office, the 4th Monday of April, 1841, and 65th year of American Independence.

B. OATES, *C. M. C.*

May 13, 1841. Printer's fee $5½. [illegible]

POETRY.

FROM THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

What! soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits, more blest than the planet of even,
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God-speed unto Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He is look'd for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;—
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier!
He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er.
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
In the path of the foes with pity he trod—
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

What more! Shall we on, with his ashes! Yet stay!
He hath rul'd the wide realm of a king, in his day!
At his word, like a Monarch's, went treasure and land—
The bright gold of thousands has pass'd thro' his hand—
Is there nothing to show of this glittering hoard?
No jewel to deck the rude hilt of sword—
No trappings—no horses?—what had he, but now?
On!—on with his ashes!—he left but his plough!
Brave old Cincinnatus! Unwind ye his sheet!
Let him sleep as he liv'd—with his crown at his *feet!*

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day!
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on your banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended Fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepp'd to the sky!
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Ladies Book.

ALPHONSINE.

Translated and abridged, with considerable alterations, from the French of Madame de Genlis.

BY MISS LESLIE.

This story is the narrative of Diana, the mother of Alphonsine.—CONTINUED.

On opening my eyes I found myself again in my frightful solitude. The profound silence of the cavern made me shudder. My dog slept tranquilly beside me. I was in such a deplorable state of nervous depression, that his sleeping while I suffered so much, seemed to add to my grief, and I awoke him. I felt myself bruised all over, and my hands bore the marks of Leonora's brutality; I showed them to my dog: he licked the bruises, and while this poor animal caressed me and seemed to share my *sorrows*, I wept sadly but not vehemently, for I was now so weak and so overcome with fatigue that I could do nothing with energy. My mind seemed enfeebled with my body, and for several days I lay on the bed in a state of apathy. I had fruit, water, and lemon syrup on the table, and during all that time I did not go to the wicket. When I visited it again, I found two baskets instead of one, but neither of them contained any thing but bread. In each was a note from Leonora. In the first, she said, that to punish me for abusing her condescension, she would give me nothing but bread for two weeks, and that no pretence of sickness on my part, should induce her to visit me again. In the second, she told me that the Count had returned from Madrid, and was so incensed when she informed him of my attempt to escape, that he was going to have the door that led to the cavern walled up, on pretence of its furnishing a retreat for thieves.

She said nothing of my Alphonsine, and I crept back to my bed overwhelmed with despair.

Next day, I heard my dog barking violently, and on going towards the stair-case, how was I shocked to hear the sound of workmen walling up the door. I now felt, indeed, as if I was to be buried alive. I had no longer any hope, and I sunk into a most deplorable state of melancholy, for several days passing nearly my whole time on my bed.

The basket was now let down through a trap door, and at the end of a fortnight I received again a supply of my former food, and a bottle of oil. I bribed Leonora with a second sum of money to tell me how my daughter was, and to furnish me with a crucifix and some more books, among which were the lives of the most noted hermits; and in reading of the piety and tranquility of these holy men, secluded from the world in the solitude of the wilderness, I felt my mind somewhat calmed. But alas! they were not like me deprived of an only and beloved child, and shut out from the enjoyment of contemplating the lovely face of nature.

I made an oratory of the grotto in which was the cascade. I placed there my crucifix, affixing it to the rock beside the fountain. I spread a straw mat on the ground before it, and there, I knelt in prayer every morning and evening. I obtained from Leonora a large quantity of moss, with which I covered a low rock that formed a convenient seat; and there, I sat and tried to read; but too generally my thoughts wandered from my book and dwelt only on my Alphonsine, and on my sad captivity. Yet I felt that if my child could be with me, all the evils of my imprisonment might be borne with patience; and it was my daily and hourly prayer that she might by some means be restored to me. At last, that prayer was granted.

What was my rapture on receiving one morning from Leonora, a billet, with these words. 'It is difficult to know how to dispose of the child, as her increasing likeness to you and to her father, must eventually betray her origin. Some of the servants at the castle have frequently seen you and your late husband, when they accompanied your grandfather on his visits to Madrid, and there are several families in the neighborhood, who knew you in that city. Beside which, there are in the saloon, portraits of yourself and Don Pedro, painted for your grandfather shortly before his death. Alphonsine already resembles both these portraits, and the resemblance has been remarked by persons who have happened to see her at the cottage in the forest.

'Her death would remove much uneasiness from the mind of the Count; and I will not disguise from you, that he thinks that event may be accelerated, by immuring her in the vaults that form your prison. She is now too healthy. He has determined to restore her to you, and this evening at eight o'clock, you will find her in the basket. The Count leaves the castle to-night, and returns to Madrid; but he will first go to the nearest seaport, taking with him Martin and Katrina, for whose services he has no farther occasion, and whom he will ship immediately for their native country.'

So great was my transport on finding that I was again to see my child and to have her with me, that I could scarcely read to the end of the note. Still, how bitter was my indignation at the cruelty of the motive that had at last induced the Count to make my infant the partner of my captivity. 'But she shall not die,' I exclaimed, 'I will watch her too carefully; and the blessing of Heaven will aid my efforts to preserve her existence in this dreary dungeon. We will be the whole world to each other, and even in this dismal solitude we may be happy.'

How did I long for the approach of evening. The day passed in one continual thought of my child; and two hours before the appointed time, I was waiting, in the outer cavern with my eyes steadily fixed on the trap door. At length I saw it open—the basket began to descend—I heard the cry of my Alphonsine—I saw her little hands extended—I flew to her—I held her again in my arms, and I was once more the happiest of women. I thought not then of the sad *privations* this unfortunate child must endure, in these gloomy and lonely vaults—I thought only of the felicity of having her with me; and I kissed her a thousand times and bathed her innocent face with tears of joy. I found her considerably grown, and plump and rosy beyond my most sanguine hopes. I carried her to my chamber, and laid her on the bed, while I prepared some bread and milk for her; but I turned my head every moment to look at her as she gazed around in infant wonder, at the new and strange place in which she found herself. Her eyes were frequently fixed on me, and it grieved me to think that she was unconscious of my being her mother. 'But she will soon know me,' said I 'and, she will know only me.' I fed her, and was delighted to find that she ate with an excellent appetite, and then, after I had a long time indulged myself in caressing her, I undressed her and put her to bed. I had found a supply of her clothes in the bottom of the basket.—That happy night I had no desire to sleep—I had too much pleasure in looking at her as she slumbered by my side.

No words can express my felicity after my daughter was restored to me. I had now something to attach me to life and to make every moment interesting. I anticipated the delight of seeing her walk and play, and of hearing her innocent little talk. I already formed plans for her education, and for teaching her accomplishments that would diversify the monotony of her lonely and secluded life. At present I could only caress her, and devote my whole attention to her health and comfort. I held her on my lap as I ate: I walked with her in my arms; and if she was awake, I carried her to the oratory when I went there to pray. Having to leave her on the bed when I went to the outer cavern to get the basket of food, I hastened back immediately lest she should cry in my absence.

Devoted entirely to the care of my Alphonsine I had but little time to read or to draw, and I determined not to play again on the guitar till she was old enough to take pleasure in the sound of music.

I made one day in the cave of the fountain a discovery which transported me with joy. Being in my oratory, I wished to wipe off from the crucifix some stains caused by the vapour of the water. I held my handkerchief in one hand and my taper in the other, when I perceived the flame of the taper begin to waver, and I felt on my hand a blast of fresh air which came through the crevices of the rock. I was transported with joy at even this little symptom of communication with the upper world. My first thought was to run for my child whom I had left asleep on the bed, and to bring her to breathe this fresh air, which I supposed came from the fields or gardens, and passed over flowers and verdure.

I was holding Alphonsine near the rock when Azor began to bark. I was much surprised, as it was not the hour of Leonora's visit to the trap door. I ran thither as soon as I had laid my child on the bed. I found the basket as usual, and it contained a billet from Leonora. I [illegible] and read the following words:

'I have received positive orders from my lord the Count to allow you no more light. You have still some oil and wax remaining of your former supply. Manage it well, for it is the last you will ever have.'

This terrible decree fell on me like a thunderbolt. I supposed that the Count tired of the existence of myself and my infant, and not being able to bring his mind or Leonora's to the resolution of destroying us at once, had devised this mode of adding an insupportable privation to the misery of our captivity, in the hope that our sufferings from the want of light would slowly, but surely, put an end to our unhappy lives.

At first, I could not conceive the possibility of living in total darkness; and supposing, even, that it was possible, what would such a life be for my unfortunate child—Without light how could I take care of Alphonsine? how could I bring her through the term of her infancy? what would become of her if she should be sick? These thoughts seemed to tear me to pieces.—However I recollected that the existence of my daughter depended on my fortitude and ingenuity, and I tried to sustain myself under the dreadful blow. Instead of dwelling only on the horror of this new situation, I endeavoured to think of seeking the means to ameliorate it.

I had only remaining six pounds of wax tapers and one bottle of oil. How bitterly I regretted that my child would in future be like a blind person, and that her eyes would never open but on total darkness.—To prevent her from grieving after a blessing she could not hope to enjoy, I thought it would be best to let her know nothing about the light she was never to see, and the world she was never to visit. How few then would be her ideas. And now that I could not have the happiness of teaching her to read, to write, to sew, or to draw, I should have but scanty means of instructing or amusing her.

Nothing calms the feelings like the necessity of active employment, and I was obliged immediately to commence making preparations for a life of darkness. I arranged my chamber, my closets, and my chest in such a manner that without a light I could find whatever I wanted. I could already go to the oratory in the dark, and I had counted the number of steps that descended to the cavern of the well. I placed my table and my other furniture in such a way as not to impede my progress when I walked. I set aside in one of the closets the six pounds of wax candles, determined to reserve them carefully for unforeseen emergencies when I should have indispensable occasion for them, and I proposed to use the oil to light me while I was making clothes for my Alphonsine, intending to cut them out of different sizes so as to last till she was four or five years old; and I made little shoes for her out of my own. Leonora had some time since refused to supply me with any articles of clothing for my child, as she said she could not get them made without exciting suspicion, and for the same reason she would not allow me to send up Alphonsine's things in the basket to be washed. My own clothes were washed with Leonora's, and passed for hers.

That night after I went to bed, my tears prevented me from sleeping when I thought that the infant who slumbered quietly and unconsciously beside me, was destined to pass her whole life in the cavern, and never again to see the light. With what anguish I reflected that in the morning her eyes would open only on darkness, that when she began to walk I must guide her first steps trembling and in terror with no light to direct them; that she must receive my caresses without seeing me bestow them; and that she would listen to my voice without perceiving the tenderness and affection that would fill my eyes.

In dwelling on these melancholy thoughts I shed a torrent of tears, and my heart seemed to break when I extinguished the lamp which was never more to be lighted for my child. The morrow was a dreadful day to me; Alphonsine cried almost continually, and her cries pierced my heart, for I supposed they must be caused by the darkness. I walked with her in my arms for hours. From this sad day my unfortunate child, till she was old enough to begin to speak, fretted almost incessantly; having no exterior objects to attract her attention and nothing to amuse her. However, her health was good; she was fat, and fed and slept perfectly well. Leonora always put a bottle of milk in the basket.

For my part, I soon learned to wash and dress her nearly as well in the dark as in the light. To make my oil last as long as possible, I only lighted my lamp for about two hours every evening, after I had put Alphonsine to bed, and I then occupied myself most industriously in sewing for her or in washing her clothes. I had obtained from Leonora some soap which I used very economically: I did all these things in the cavern of the fountain, that I might have the convenience of the water. Before I extinguished the lamp, I arranged in a basket, whatever things I should want for the next day, and then I returned in the dark to my chamber and my sleeping child, and went to bed for the night; having placed my basket on the table by the bedside.

Time passed sadly on, and it was now four months since I had seen my daughter. I could not look at her while she slept, lest the light of the lamp should awaken her. My desire to see her was so great, that I determined one night when I put her to bed, to tie a bandage over her eyes. When she had been asleep for some time, I lighted my lamp, and trembling with joy and tenderness I approached the bed, and fell on my knees beside it. I placed the light on the table, and I fixed my eyes on the only object of my affection. The bandage concealed too much of her dear little face: her eyes, her eye brows, part of her forehead and part of her nose, were hidden. But all that I saw was beautiful. I could gaze on her cheeks fresh as roses, her sweet mouth, her white neck, and her plump and dimpled hands and feet. I continued to look at her for more than an hour, and then extinguished the lamp without waking her.

How happy I was when she cut her first teeth (which she did with unusual ease) and when she began to return my kisses and caresses. She attempted to speak very early, for there was nothing to distract her attention, when I took care to teach her the words I wished her to say. How can I describe what I felt when one morning as I held her in my arms, I heard her articulate distinctly the words 'My God.' It seemed to me the voice of a cherub. She was but ten months old. She spoke, and her first words were addressed to her Creator. I clasped her closely to my bosom; I fell on my knees, and I prayed mentally, but I could not then join my voice to that of the innocent child. Twice she repeated the words; and it seemed as if this pure and spotless infant was invoking for her mother and herself, the compassion of the Almighty.

After she had rendered to her Maker the homage of her accents, I taught her to call me mother, and in a few days she pronounced the word distinctly.

She now seldom cried; she showed much intelligence, and I contrived various means of amusing her. I knew always when she was weary, for then she gave a gentle sigh and let her head fall on my bosom; but a kiss was sufficient to revive her.

She was eleven months old, and I had never heard her laugh. Perhaps she often smiled, but alas! I could not know it. Azor having broken his collar, which was of silver and had three bells attached to it, I made a plaything of it for Alphonsine, fixing it so that it could not hurt her.—This little contrivance procured me the pleasure of hearing her laugh for the first time. But great as was my joy, I startled and wept, to think how strange was the sound of laughter in this dismal place.—Next day I asked Leonora for a dozen little bells, which I arranged around an ivory pencil case, and this little plaything made my poor Alphonsine very happy.

I found it difficult to teach her to walk in utter darkness. She was very timid, and it was long before she ventured to take a step without holding my hand and if her foot faltered she would start and catch by my dress.

When her first birth-day arrived, I passed as much of it as I could spare from my daughter, in praying in the oratory. In the morning I had given Alphonsine a little fan, which seemed to charm her. She was delighted when I fanned her face; having never before felt any fresh air, but the little that came through the crevices of the rock, at the fountain. She kissed and embraced me a hundred times; I then put the fan into her own hands and showed her how to use it, and for a long while was her favorite amusement.

That night I intended to indulge myself with a sight of my Alphonsine. But when I was tying on the bandage before I put her to bed, I heard her cry. I thought it barbarous to draw a single tear from her, to procure myself any gratification, however great, and I took off the bandage and laid her down in the bed; but she still cried, and I found it difficult to pacify her. At last she fell asleep, and I seated myself by the bed-side holding one of her little hands. In about a quarter of an hour I twice felt that hand start, and it was soon burning with fever. I knew that she had a large tooth ready to pierce the gum, and feared she would have convulsions. I knew not what to do, and I prayed to be inspired with some idea that would benefit my suffering child. She awoke and cried. I recollected having once read in a medical book, that when young children are threatened with fits, they should be immediately exposed to the air by opening a window.

Alas! I had no window to open; but lighting the lantern I ran with her to the cave of the fountain, and held her near the largest crevice of the rock. She was motionless; her face was deadly pale, and her pulse was almost gone; her lips had become blue, and her mouth was half open. I expected every moment to see her expire in my arms, and I would have taken off the bandage that I had tied over her eyes before I lighted the lantern, only I feared that the sudden glare would hasten her last moments.

No words can describe my agony. At last she moved and stretched out her arms; I startled, thinking it the struggle of death. I could utter but one word of prayer, and that word was heard. I saw on her cheeks a faint tinge of their natural red, and her pulse became stronger. I clasped her to my bosom and burst into tears. Before I took her from the cave, she put her arms round my neck; she kissed me, and she even smiled. Oh! how charming was the first smile after the terrors I had just endured.

I carried my daughter to her bed, and she soon fell into a quiet slumber, I lay down beside her, but I was too happy to sleep. When I examined her mouth next day, I found that the large tooth had come through, in a short time my Alphonsine was as usual.

At twenty months old, my daughter talked and walked, and comprehended every thing I said to her. She was not gay, [alas! how could she be so,] but she showed already an extreme sensibility. She caressed me in the most affecting manner, her hand was always in mine; and if she did not feel me or hear me speak, she feared that I had left her. I could not induce her to play unless I held her on my lap.—She frequently amused herself with Azor, whom she already loved, and I often heard her kiss him; but she seldom laughed, and her laugh seemed always followed by a sensation of sadness, for she would sigh and lay her head on my shoulder.

One of her greatest pleasures was to hear me talk. I invented for her little stories adapted to her comprehension, and she listened to them with wrapt attention. And I taught her to repeat little verses, which she learned with surprising facility.

Most fortunately her health continued good, and on the second birth day I made her very happy by giving her some fruit, which she had never before tasted, and some new play-things that I had constructed for her.

I accustomed my daughter to having a bandage frequently tied over her eyes, that in case I should find it necessary to light the lamp while she was awake, I might do it without fear of its disturbing her.

That winter was less mild than the winters of Spain usually are, and we felt it even in our cavern. My child caught a cold which affected her exceedingly, and as soon as she got well, I became myself indisposed with the same complaint, and the necessity of going every other day to the cave of the trap door, much retarded my recovery. I implored Leonora to give me food, not only for two days, but, to furnish me with provision that might last several months, and I accompanied this request with a bribe of ten [illegible]. Leonora consented with a tolerable grace; and for several weeks she came every day to the trap door, and instead of one basket she brought two. She gave me a large quantity of gingerbread, biscuit, dried fruit, sweetmeats, chocolate, sugar, wine, [illegible], and a small apparatus for boiling, heated with spirits of wine.

In this manner a large stock of provisions was laid in, but no entreaties could prevail on her to allow me light sufficient to burn all day. Now and then I had bribed Leonora to give me a little oil or a few wax tapers, but she yielded with the greatest reluctance, telling me every time to use them only in case of absolute necessity, as they were the last I should ever have. And the fear that Leonora would become inexorable on this subject, induced me to persevere in keeping my unfortunate child ignorant of the existence of light.

When Alphonsine had attained her third year, she was in many respects much more forward than children usually are at that age. Her extreme affection for me seemed to give her a degree of intelligence, superior to that which results only from quickness of capacity. All children love their mothers, but my daughter could love no one else. She had never received any caresses but mine; mine was the only voice she had ever heard, and I was indeed the whole world to her. Fearful of afflicting me, she never now cried aloud; and when she wept, it was so softly, that I only knew it by feeling her tears. Often when I was a few minutes without speaking, she supposed that I also was crying in silence.—She would then pass her little hand over my face, and if she felt any traces of tears, she would throw herself on my bosom, and exclaim, "Oh! my dear mother, never cry again."

I had now inhabited the cavern four years. Heaven still blest my Alphonsine with excellent health, and such was the sweetness of her disposition that I never had occasion to inflict on her the slightest punishment. She never cried without a cause; but an expression from me less tender than usual, was to her a severe reprimand. I had accustomed her from her infancy to the most perfect obedience, and she could not conceive the possibility of doing any thing contrary to my desire. She never followed me to the trapdoor. Before I went thither, I always placed her on one of the large cushions in my chamber, and I was sure of finding her there when I returned. But if I stayed longer than usual, she always shed tears. As soon as she heard my returning footsteps, she began to call me by the tenderest names, and evinced the most animated and touching delight.

One morning Leonora announced to me that she felt herself ill and feverish, and that it would probably be several days before she brought me any more food. I had plenty of provisions, but I was terrified at the idea that her illness might be long, that perhaps she might die, and that my child and myself must then perish, forgotten, in a dungeon; the Count having left Catalonia and gone to reside at Madrid, where, as Leonora informed me, he had married a widow of large fortune.

After I had left the trap-door, Leonora called me back. "What do you wish to say to me?" said I. She hesitated for a few moments and then said—"Can you forgive me for all the sufferings I have caused you, and for still refusing to betray my master's trust?"—"I have long since tried to do so," I replied, "and I now forgive you as a christian should." "Well, then," said Leonora, "promise to offer up a prayer expressly for me, as I feel myself very ill." "I will indeed pray for you," I replied. She thanked me, and hastily departed.

Her illness continued three weeks. I had hoped that it would be over in a few days, like several former attacks. We had still plenty of provisions, but at the end of a fortnight, I began to fear that Leonora was dead, and that we should never be able to obtain any more food. From that moment I restricted myself to the smallest quantity that could support life; and when I gave my daughter hers, I thought with bitter tears, that perhaps, in a short time, she would ask me for it in vain. If before her meals, she said to me, "dear mother, I am hungry," I felt my heart sink within me, and I pictured to myself the dreadful moment when she might address to me those distressing words, and I should have nothing to give her. How ardently did I pray for the recovery of the woman whom I had such just cause to dislike; how precious had the life of Leonora become to me!

At last, the happy day arrived, when on going to the trap door, I found a basket full of fresh bread, newly-gathered fruit, and a bottle of sweet milk. With what transport, when I had carried this basket to my chamber, did I embrace Alphonsine, with what eagerness did I prepare her breakfast.—Never in my life had I thought a repast so delicious.

My daughter was now five years old, and how did it grieve me that I could not teach her to read; and that I was even obliged to refrain from describing to her (except in general terms,) that world which she was never to see. But I told her of God, of Heaven, and of the Angels, and she was never tired of listening to me. Like those of blind people, her touch and hearing were exquisitely acute. We walked together for a long time every day, and I also gave her exercise by taking her hands and jumping her up and down.

One evening when I was trying to form an idea of [illegible] what was the use of her eyes, [illegible] could not [illegible] distinctly [illegible] "Ah, yes, I know [illegible] they are to weep with." Alas! she [illegible] for any other purpose [illegible]

(To be continued.)

Gold Mine for Sale.

THE subscriber offers [illegible] valuable Gold Mine for Sale [illegible] Mecklenburg County, N. C. For [illegible] apply to the subscriber, living on the premises.

[illegible] HUNTER.

Oct. 26, 1840. [illegible]

Competition is the "LIFE" of "TRADE."

THE subscriber would inform the citizens of Mecklenburg County and the public in general, that he has again commenced the

Coach Making Business

in the town of Charlotte, and is now prepared to execute all ORDERS in his line, from the most common to the finest. Having had nine years experience in the business and employed workmen of a superior grade and lumber well SEASONED, he feels warranted in saying, that his Work shall be equal, if not superior, to any made in this section of country. All he asks is a fair trial, for his Work shall not be excelled in point of cheapness, beauty or durability.

All REPAIRING done in the best style and at the shortest notice.

His SHOP will be found one door North-east of Mr. Sansom's dwelling house.

CHARLES OVERMAN.

Charlotte, Jan. 6, 1840. 137

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES.

THE subscriber respectfully tenders his thanks to the inhabitants of Mecklenburg and surrounding country, for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him since he has been engaged in this place in the

Manufacturing of Carriages,

and assures them that his work, as heretofore shall be finished in the most improved and durable plan. Those in want of Carriages would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL ORDERS from a distance will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

All kinds of REPAIRING done with neatness and on moderate terms.

CARTER CRITTENDEN.

April 18, 1840. 150

MOFFATT'S Vegetable Life Medicines.

THESE medicines are indebted for their name to their manifest and sensible action in purifying the springs and channels of life, and enduing them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFATT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHENIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefited, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which they consequently act.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every form and description. Their first operation is to loosen from the coats of the stomach and bowels, the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them, and to remove the hardened faeces which collect in the convolutions of the small intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual costiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhoea, with its imminent dangers. This fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death; and hence the prejudice of these well informed men against quack medicines—or medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons. The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means, the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs. The blood, which takes its red color from the agency of the liver and lungs before it passes into the heart, being thus purified by them and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, renews every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in the blooming cheek.

Moffatt's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn and Headache, Restlessness, Ill-temper, Anxiety, Languor and Melancholy, Costiveness, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scurvy, Ulcers, Inveterate Sores, Scorbutic Eruptions and Bad Complexions, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In FEVER and AGUE, particularly, the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so that in the Fever and Ague districts, Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

MOFFATT'S MEDICAL MANUAL, designed as a domestic guide to health.—This little pamphlet, edited by W. B. Moffatt, 375 Broadway, New York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffatt's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price 25 cents—for sale by Mr. Moffatt's agents generally.

These Valuable Medicines are for sale by

T. J. HOLTON,
Charlotte, N. C.

PRESS FOR SALE.

BEING desirous of embarking in another business, I now offer the establishment of the WILMINGTON ADVERTISER, for sale.

I do not know of a more eligible situation for persons desirous of embarking in the printing business, than Wilmington, North Carolina.

Terms accommodating. Application must be post paid.

Our exchange papers will oblige us by copying this advertisement until forbidden.

F. C. HILL.

Wilmington, Nov. 13, 1840.

Wrapping Paper.

JUST received and for sale at this Office a supply of Wrapping Paper. Also a few reams of Writing Paper.

JOB PRINTING
Neatly executed at this Office.

MILITARY EXECUTIONS for sale at THIS OFFICE.

Warrantee Deeds for sale at this Office.